What heere wee see is but a graven face
Onely the shaddow of y^t brittle case
Wherein were treasurd up those gems w^ch he
Hath left behind him to Posterity

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Onely the shaddow of y^t brittle case
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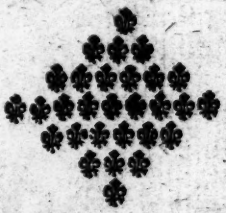
Hath left behind him to Posterity

# DIVINE FANCIES:

*Marry* Digested into *Nunn*

# EPIGRAMS, MEDITATIONS AND OBSERVATIONS.

By FRA. QUARLES.



LONDON,
Printed for *W. Shears*, and are to be sold by *James Davis* at the *Acorne* in St. *Pauls* Church-yard, 1657.

# DIVINE
# EMBLEMS:
Digested into
# MEDITATIONS
AND
# OBSERVATIONS.

TO THE

# ROYALL BVD

## Of MAJESTIE, and *Center* of all our Hopes and Happineſſe, CHARLES, *Prince* of Great *Brittain*, *France* and *Ireland*, *SON* and *HEIR* Apparent to the *High* and *Mighty* CHARLES, by the *Grace* of God, *King* of Great *Brittain*, *France* and *Ireland*, &c.

*Illuſtrious Infant*,

GIve me leave to acknowledg my ſelf thy *ſervant*, ere thou knoweſt thy

thy Self my *Prince*: My Zeal burns me, & my *deſires* are impatient: My breeding-*Muſe* long for *green fruit*, and cannot ſtay thy *ripeneſs*: *Sweet Babe*; The Loyalty of my Service makes bold to conſecrate theſe early Leaves to thy ſacred *Infancy*, not knowing how to glorifie themſelves more, than by the Patronage of ſuch Princely

Princely *Innocency*. Modell of Sweetneſs; Let thy buſie Fingers entertain this ſlender Preſent, and let thy harmeleſs Smiles crowne it: When thy Infancie hath crackt the *Shell*, let thy Childhood taſte the *Kernel*; In the mean while, let thy little hands and eyes peruſe it: Lug it in thy tender Arms, and lay thy burthen at thy *Royall parents* feet,

for

for whose sake it may gain some honour from their glorious *Eyes*. Heaven blesse thy youth with *Grace*, and crowne thy Age with *Glory*: Angels conduct thee from the *Cradle* to the *Crown*: Let the *English Rose* and the *French Lilly* flourish in thy lovely *Cheek*: And let their united *colours* presage an everlasting *League*. Let the eminent

nent *Qualities* of both thy renowned *Grand-Fathers* meet in thy Princely Heart, that thou maieſt in *Peace* be Honourable; and in *War* Victorious. And let the great addition of thy Royall Parents *Vertues* make thee up a moſt incomparable *Prince*, the firm *Pillar* of our happineſſe, and the future

future *Object* of the worlds wonder.

*Expected and prayed for*

*By*

*Your Highnesses* most Loyall

*and humble Servant,*

FRA: QUARLES.

TO

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
and truly Vertuous Lady, MARY
*Countesse* of *Dorset*, Governesse to that
Royall *Infant*, CHARLES, *Prince* of
Great *Brittain*, *France* and *Ireland*, *the Mirrour of unstained* HONOUR.

Most Excellent Lady,

*You are that* Star *which stands over the place where the* Babe *lies*; *By whose directions light, I am come from the* East, *to present my* Myrrh *and* Frankincense *to the* young Child: *Let not our Royall* JOSEPH, *nor his Princely* Mary *be afraid*; *there are no* Herods *here*; *We have all seen his* Star *in the East*, *& have rejoyced: Our loyall hearts are full*;

*for*

*for our eyes have seen him, in whom our Posterity shall be blessed: To him most honorable Lady, I address my thoughts: To Him, I presume to consecrate these Lines; which since it hath pleased our gracious Soveraign to appoint you the* Governesse *of his Royall* Infancy, *I have made bold to present first, to your noble Hands; not daring, in my very thoughts to dis-joyn, whom his Sacred* Majesty, *in so great Wisdom hath put together; or consider severally, where his* Highness *hath made so inviolable a Relation.* Madam, *May your Honors increase with your hours, and let eternall Glory crown your* Vertues; *that when this* Age *shall sleep in* Dust, *your* Children, *yet unborn, may honour your glorious Memory, under the happinesse of his Government, whose* Governesse *you are; which shall be daily the Subject of his Prayers, who is*

The sworn Servant of your Ladyships Perfections.

FRA. QUARLES.

TO

# To the Readers.

READERS, I will not (like One that knowes the ſtrength of his owne *Muſe*) commit *Rape* upon your *Underſtandings*, nor raile at your *Ignorances*, if our Wits jump not: I have written at my own perill; underſtand you at your own pleaſures: I have not ſo little *Man* in me, as to want my faults; nor ſo much *Foole* in me, as to think it; nor ſo little *Modeſty*, as to ſwear it; nor ſo much *Childe* in me, as to whine at *Zoilus*: My requeſt is, That the faultleſſe hand may caſt the firſt *ſtone*; So, although I cannot avoid the common Lot of man, *Error*, I may eſcape

the punishment of the Common man, *Censure.*

I here present thee with a *Hive of Bees*; laden, some with *Wax*, and some with *Honey*: Fear not to approach; There are no *Waspes*, there are no *Hornets*, here: If some wanton *Bee* should chance to buzze about thine ears, stand thy Ground, and hold thy hands: There's none will sting thee, if thou strike not first: If any doe, thee hath Honey in her *Bag*, will cure thee too. In plainer tearms, I present thee with a Book of *Fancies*; Among which, as I have none to boast of; so (I hope) I shall have none to blush at. All cannot affect all: If some please all; or all some, 'tis more than I expect; I had once thought to have melted the Title, and cast it into severall Books, and have lodg'd *Observations*, *Meditations*, and *Epigrams* by themselves; but new thoughts have taken place: I have required no help of Herauld, either to place, or to proclaim

claim them. *Cards* well shuffled are most fit for *Gamesters*; And oftentimes, the pastime of *Discovery*, adds pleasure to the *Enjoyment*: The Generous *Faulkner* had rather retrive his *Partridge* in the open fields, then meet her in his covered Dish. Only this: when you read a *Meditation*, let me entreat thee to forget an *Epigram*.

*Farewell.*

## AD LECTORES UTRIUSQ: GENERIS.

Candide, si quid sine nostra inter carmina, parce;
Et bona si quæ sint, Zoile, parco tibi.

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The End.

# TO GOD.

GLorious and Great; whose power did divide
The Waves, and made them VVals on either side
That didst appear in Cloven-Tongues of Fire;
Divide my thoughts; And with thy self inspire
My soule, O cleave my Tongue, and make it scatter
Various Expressions in a various Matter;
That like the painfull Bee, I may derive
From sundry Flow'rs, to store my slender Hive;
Yet may my thoughts not so divided be,
But they may mix again, and fix in Thee.

DI-

# DIVINE FANCIES

Digested into

# EPIGRAMS, MEDITATIONS AND OBSERVATIONS.

## I.

### *On the Musick of Organs.*

OBserve this *Organ*: Mark but how it goes:
'Tis not the hand of him alone that blows
The unseen *Bellowes*; nor the hand that
playes
On the apparant note dividing *Kayes*,
That makes the well-composed *Aires* appear
Before the high *Tribunal* of thine ear:
They both concur: Each acts his several part:
The one gives it *Breath*; the other lends it *Art*.

*Man* is this Organ: To whose every action
Heaven gives a *Breath*, (a Breath without *coaction:*)
Without which *Blast* we cannot act at all;
Without which Breath the *universe* must fall
To the first *Nothing* it was made of: seeing
In *Him* we *live*, we *move*, and have our *being*:
Thus fill'd with his Diviner *breath*, and backt
With his first power, we touch the *Keyes* and act:
He blowes the *Bellows*: As we thrive in skill,
Our *Actions* prove, like Musick, *Good* or *Ill*.

2.

*On the contingencies of Actions.*

I Saw him dead; I saw his Body fall
Before deaths *dart*, whom tears must not recall:
Yet is he not so dead, but that his *Day*
Might have been lengthen'd, had th' untrodden way
To life been found: He might have rose again,
If *somthing* had, or *somthing* had not bin:
What mine sees past, Heaven's eyes foresaw to come:
He saw, how that *contingent* Act should summe
The totall of his dayes: His knowing Eye
(As mine doth see him dead) say he should die
That very fatall hour; yet saw his death,
Not so, so Necessary, but his breath
Might be enlarg'd unto a longer date,
Had he neglected *this*, or taken *that*:
All times to Heav'n are *now*, both first and last,
He sees things *present*, as we see them past.

3.

*On the Sacraments.*

THe *Loaves* of *Bread* were five; the *Fishes* two
Whereof the multitude was made partaker

WWho made the *Fishes?* God: But tell me, who
Gave being to the *Loaves* of Bread? the *Baker*:
Ev'n so these Sacraments which some call seven,
Five were ordain'd by *Man*, and two by *Heaven*.

4.

*On the Infancy of our Saviour.*

HAyl blessed *Virgin*, full of heavenly *Grace*,
Blest above all that sprang from humane race;
Whose Heav'n-saluted *Womb* brought forth in *One*,
A blessed *Saviour*, and a blessed *Son*:
O! what a ravishment 't had been to see
Thy little *Saviour* perking on thy *Knee*!
To see him nuzzle in thy *Virgin* Breast;
His milk-white body all unclad, undrest!
To see thy busie fingers cloath and wrap
His spradling limbs in thy indulgent *Lap*!
To see his desp'rate *Eyes*, with childish grace,
Smiling upon his smiling Mothers face!
And when his forward strength began to bloom,
To see him *diddle* up and down the Room!
O, who would think, so sweet a *Babe* as this,
Should ere be slain by a false-hearted *Kisse*!
Had I a *Rag*, if sure thy body wore it,
Pardon sweet *Babe*, I think I should adore it:
Till then, ô grant this Boon (a Boon far dearer)
The *weed* not being, *I* may adore the *Wearer*.

5.

*On* Judas Iscariot.

WE rail at *Judas*, him that did betray
The *Lord* of life, yet do it *day by day*.

6.

*On the life and death of Man.*

THe world's a *Theater*; The Earth a *Stage*
Plac'd in the midst; whereon both *Prince* and
Both *rich* and *poor*, *fool*, *wiseman*, *base* and *high*(*Page*
All act their *Parts* in Lifes short *Tragedie*:
Our Life's a Tragedie: Those secret *Rooms*
Wherein we tire us, are our Mothers *wombs*;
The *Musick* ush'ring in the *Play*, is Mirth
To see a *Man-child* brought upon the Earth:
That fainting gasp of *Breath* which first we vent,
*Is a Dumb-shew*, presents the *Argument*:
Our new-born-*cries*, that new-born-*griefs* bewray;
Is the sad *Prologue* of th' ensuing *Play*:
False *hopes*, true *fears*, vain *joyes*, and fierce *distracts*,
Are like the *Musick* that divides the *Acts*:
*Time* holds the *glasse*, and when the hour's run,
*Death* strikes the *Epilogue*, and the *Play* is done.

7.

*On the seven liberal Scievees of a Christian.*

*Grammar.*

IT is an *Art*, that teaches not t' excell
In Writing, Speaking, as in *Doing well.*

*Logick.*

IT is an *Art*, sometimes of plotting *treason*
Against the *crown* and *dignity* of *Reason.*

*Rhetorick.*

IT is an Art, whereby he learns t' increase
His knowledge of the time, to *Hold his peace.*

*Arithmetick*

*Arithmetick.*

IT is an *Art*, that makes him apt to raise,
And number out Gods *Blessings*, and his *Daves*.

*Musick.*

IT is a potent *Science* that infringes *(hinges.*
Strong *Prison* doors; and heaves them from their

*Astronomy.*

IT is an Art of taking out the *Lead*
From his dull *Brows*, and lifting up the *Head*.

*Geometry.*

IT is an *Art*, instructs him how to have
The world in scorn, and measure out his Grave:

8.

*Christs four houses.*

HIs first house was the blessed Virgins *womb*,
The next, a *Cratch*; the third, a *Cross*; the fourth, a
*( Tomb.*

9.

*Of Light and Heat,* *(bright*

MArk but the Sun beams, when they shine most
They lend this lower world both heat and light:
They both are Children of the self same Mother,
*Twins*; not subsisting one without the other;
They both conspire unto the *Common good*,
When in their proper places, understood:
'Tis not rebellion against *Sense* to say,
*Light* helps to quicken: Or, the beams of day

May lend a *Heat*, and yet no light at all?
'Tis true, some obvious *Shade* may chance to fall
Upon the quickned *Plant*, yet not so great,
To quench the operation of the *Heat*:
The *Heat*, cannot be parted from the *Light*,
Nor yet the *Light* from *Heat*; They neither might
Be mingled in the *Act*, nor found asunder:
Distinguish now fond man: or stay and wonder.
Know then;
Their vertues differ, though themselves agree,
*Heat* vivifies; *Light* gives man power to see
The thing so vivified: no *Light*, no *Heat*:
And where the *heat*'s but small, the *light*'s not great
They are inseparable and sworn *Lovers*,
Yet differing thus; *that* quickens, *this* discovers:
Within these lines a sacred Myst'ry lurks:
The *heat* resembles *Faith*; the *light*, *good works*.

10.

*On* Judas Iscariot.

SOme curse that Traitor *Judas* life and limb;
God knows, some curse themselves in cursing him.

11.

*On the possession of the Swine.*

WHen as our blessed *Saviour* did un-devil
The man possest, the spirits in conclusion
Entered the *Swine* (being active still in evill)
And drove them headlong to their own confusion.
*Drunkards* beware, and be advised then.
They'l find you as y'are *Swine*, *if not*, as *Men*.

12.

*On a Sun Diall.*

THis Horizontall *Diall* can bewray
To the sad *Pilgrim* the hour of the *Day*:
But if the *Sun* appear not his Adviser,
His eye may look, yet he prove ne'er the wiser:
Alas, alas! there's nothing can appear,
But onely *Types*, and shadow'd *Figures* there.
This Diall is the *Scripture*, and the Sun,
Gods holy *Spirit*; *we*, the lookers on:
Alas, that sacred *Letter*, which we read,
Without the *Quickning* of the *Spirit's* dead:
The knowledge of our *Peace* improves no better,
Then if our eyes had not beheld a Letter:
I, but this glorious *Sun* shines alwaies bright:
I, but we often stand in our own light.
Use then the day, for when the day is gone,
There will be *darknesse*: there will be no Sun.

13.

*On the three Christian Graces.*

*Faith.*

IT is a *Grace*, that teacheth to deprave not
The *goods* we have; to *have* the *goods* we have not.

*Hope.*

IT is a *Grace*, that keeps th' Almighty blameless
In long delay: And men (in begging) shameless

*Charity.*

IT is a *Grace*, or Art to get a Living,
By selling Land, and to grow rich, by giving.

14.
*On a Feast.*

THe *Lord* of Heav'n and Earth ha's made a *Feast*
And ev'ry *Soul* is an invited Guest?
The *word's* the food; the *Levites* are the Cooks;
The Fathers VVritings are their *Diet-Books*;
But seldome us'd; for 'tis a fashion grown,
To recommend made *Dishes* of their own: (broil;
VVhat they should *boyl*; they *bake*; what *roast*, they
Their lushious *Sallats* are too sweet with *oyle*;
In brief, 'tis now a daies too great a faule,
T' have too much *pepper*, and too little *salt*.

15.
*On Dives.*

THat drop-requesting *Dives* did desire
His Brothers might have warning of that *Fire*,
VVhose flames he felt, Could he, a Fiend, wish well
To man? VVhat, is there Charity in Hel'?
Each soul that's damned is a *Brand* of fire,
To make Hell so much hotter; And the nigher
In blood or love they be, that are tormented,
The more their pains and torments are augmented:
No wonder then, if *Dives* did desire,
His Brothers might have warning of that Fire.

16.
*On outward shew.*

IUdge not that *Field*, because tis Stubble,
Nor him thats poor, and full of trouble;
Though th' one look bare, the t' other thin,
Judge not; Their *Treasure* is within.

17. On

17.

*On the reading of the Scriptures.*

IN reading of the Sacred *writ*, beware,
Thou climbe no *stile*, when as a *gap* stands fair.

18.

*On the Life of man.*

OUr Life's the *Modell* of a Winters day;
Our Soule's the *Sun*, whose faint and feeble *Ray*
Gives our Earth light; a *light* but weak, at strongest;
But low, at highest; very short, at longest:
The childish Tears, that from our eyes do passe,
Is like the *Dew* that pearls the morning grasse:
When as our *Sun* is but an hour high,
We go to *School*, to learn; are whipt, and cry:
We truant up and down; we make a spoil
Of precious *Time*, and sport in our own toil:
Our Bed's the quiet *Grave*, wherein we lay
Our weary Bodies, tyred with the Day:
The early *Trumpet*, like the Morning Bell:
Calls to account; where they that have learn'd well,
Shall find *Reward*; and such as have mis-spent
Their time shall reap an earned *punishment*.
No wonder then to see the *Sluggards* eyes,
So loath to go to Bed, so loath to rise.

19.

*On the Crowing of a Cock.*

THe Crowing of a *Cock* doth oft fore-show
A change of Weather? *Peter* found it so:
The *Cock* no sooner crew, but by and by
He found a *Change* of *weather* in his eye.

'Tis an easie thing to say, and to swear too,
Wee'l dye for Christ; but 'tis as heard to doe.

20.

*On Mammon.*

MAmmon's grown rich: Does *Mammon* boast (that
The stalled *Ox*, as well may boast, Hee's fat.

21.

*On Church Contemners.*

THose *Church contemners*, that can easily waig
The profit of a *Sermon* with a *Play*;
Whose testy stomacks can digest as well,
A profer'd Injury, as a *Sermon* bell;
That say unwonted *Pray'rs* with the like wills,
As quezie Patients take their loathed *Pills*;
To what extremity would they be driven,
If God, in Judgement should but give them Heav'

22.

*On Morus.*

HE is no *Flemming*; for he cannot *swill*:
No *Roman* for his stomack's fleshly still:
He cannot be a Jew; he was *baptiz'd*:
Nor yet a Gentile; he was *circumciz'd*:
He is no true man; for he lies a trot:
*Prophane* he is not; for he *swears* ye not:
What is he then? One Feast without a *Bill*
Shall make him all; or which of all ye will.

23.

*On the Hypocrite.*

NO mans condition is so base as his;
None more accurs'd than *he*: For *Man* esteems
Him hatefull, 'cause he seems not what he is:
*God* hates him, 'cause he is not what he seems;
What grief is absent, or what mischief can
Be added to the hate of *God and Man.*

24.

*On a Pilgrim.*

THe weary *Pilgrim*, oft, doth ask, and know,
How far hee's come; how far he has to go:
His way is tedious, and his way oppresst,
And his desire is to be at *Rest*:
Our life's a *Wayfare*; yet fond Man delayes
T' enquire out the number of his *Dayes*;
He cares not He, how slow his howers spend;
His Journey's better than his Journies end.

25.

*On the Needle of a Sun-Dial.*

BEhold this Needle, when the *Artick* stone
Hath touch'd it, how it trembles up and down,
Hunts for the *Pole*; and cannot be possest
Of peace, untill it finde that point, that rest:
Such is the *heart* of man; which, when it hath
Attain'd the vertue of a lively faith,
It findes no rest on earth, makes no abode,
In any object, but his *heav'n*, his *God*.

T

On

26.

*On affliction.*

WHen thou afflict's me, Lord, if I repine
I show my self to be my own, not thine.

27.

*On a Sun-Dial.*

GOe, light a *Candle*: By that light make tryall,
How the night spends it self, by the *un-Dyall*:
Goe, search the *Scriptures*, Labour to encrease
In the diviner knowledge of thy *Peace*
By thy own light, derived from thy mother:
Thou mayst 'as eas'ly doe the one, as t' other.

28.

*On* PETER.

WHen walking *Peter* was about to sink
Into the Sea, In what a case d' ye think,
H' ad been, if he had trusted his complaint
To th' intercession of some helpfull *Saint*?
Beleeve it, if *Romes* doctrine had been sound
And soundly follow'd, *Peter* had been drown'd.

29.

*On Merits.*

FIe, *Rome's* abus'd: Can any be thought able
To merit Heaven by *works*? 'Tis a meer fable:
If so; stout *Rome* had never been so faint
To move her sute by a Collateral *Saint*.

30

*On* Servio.

*Servio* serves God; *Servio* has bare relation,
Not to Gods *glory*, but his own *salvation*:
*Servio* serves God for life? *Servio*, 'tis well:
*Servio* may find the cooler place in Hell.

31

*A Soliloquie.*

WHere shall I find my God? ô where, ô wher,
Shall I direct my steps to finde him there?
Shall I make search in swelling bags of *Coin*?
Ah no; For God and *Mammon* cannot joyn:
Do beds of *Down* contain this heavenly stranger?
No, no, Hee's rather cradled in some *Manger*:
Dwells he in wisedome; Is he gone that rode?
No, no, Man's wisedome's foolishnes with God:
Or hath some new *Plantation*, yet unknown,
Made him their King, adorn'd him with their *Crown*?
No, no; the Kingdomes of the earth think scorn
T' adorn his Brows with any Crown but Thorn.
Where shall I go trace, or where shall I go wind him
My Lord is gone; and ô I I cannot finde him:
I'le ransack the dark *Dungeons*; I'le enquire
Into the *Furnace* after the sev'nth fire:
Ile seek in *Daniels* Den, and in *Paul's* Prison;
Ile search his *grave*, and see if he be risen:
Ile go to th' house of *mourning*; and Ile call
At every alms-abused *Hospitall*:
Ile go and ask the *widow* that's oppress;
The heavy laden that inquireth rest.
Ile search the corners of all broken *hearts*;
The wounded *Conscience*, and the *soul* that *smarts*.

The

The contrite *spirit* fill'd with filiall fear;
I, there he is; and no where else but there:
Spare not to scourge thy pleasure, O my God,
So I may finde thy *presence* with thy *Rod*.

32.

*On* Daniell *in the Den.*

FIerce *Lions* roaring for their prey! and then
*Daniell* thrown in! And *Daniell* yet remain
Alive! There was a *Lion* in the *Den*,
Was *Daniells* friend, or *Daniell* had been slain.
Among ten thousand *Lions*, I'de not fear,
Had I but only *Daniells Lion* there.

33.

*On those that deserve it.*

OVVhen our Clergy at the dreadfull *Day*,
Shall make their audit; when the *Judge* shall sa
Give your accompts: what, have my lambs been fed
Say, do they all stand sound? Is there none dead
By your defaults? Come Shepherds bring them forth
That I may crown your labours in their worth.
O what an answer will be given by some!
VVe have been, mene'd: Canons struck us dumb;
The Great ones would not let us feed thy flock,
Unlesse we play'd the fools and wore a Frock:
VVe were forbid unlesse we'd yeeld to sign
And crosse their browes, they say, *a mark of thine.*
To say the truth, great Judge, they were not fed,
Lord, here they be; but, Lord, they be all dead.
Ah cruell Shepherds! Could your conscience serve
Not to be fooles, and yet to let them starve?
VVhat if your Fiery spirits had been bound
To Antick habits, or your heads been crown'd

VVi

With *Peacocks* Plumes; had yet been forc'd to feed
Your Saviours dear-bought Flock in a fools weed;
He that was scorn'd, revil'd, endur'd the *Curse*
Of a base death, in your behalfs; nay worse;
Swallow'd the cup of wrath charg'd up to th' *brim*;
Durst ye not stoop to play the fools for him?

34.

*Doe this and live.*

*Doe this and live*? 'Tis true, great God, then who
Can hope for life? for who hath power to *Doe*?
Art thou not able? is thy task too great?
Canst thou desire help? Canst thou intreat
Aid from a stronger Arm? Canst thou conceive
Thy *Helper* strong enough? Canst thou *believe*
The sufferings of thy dying Lord can give
Thy dropping shoulders rest? *Doe this and live.*

35.

*On* Joseph *and his Mistresse.*

WHen as the *Ægyptian Lady* did invite
Wel-favour'd *Joseph* to unchast delight,
How well the motion and the place agreed!
A beastly *place* and 'twas a beastly *Deed*:
A place well season'd for so foul a sin;
Too sweet to serve so foul a master in.

36.

*On* Scriptum est.

SOme words excell in virtue, and discover
A rare conclusion, thrice repeated over:
Our *Saviour* thrice was tempted: thrice repress
Th' assaulting *tempter* with thrice *Scriptum est*.

If

If thou would'st keep thy soul secure from harm,
Thou know'st the words: It is a potent *Charm*.

## 37.
### *On the flourishing of the Gospel.*

How doe our *Pastures* flourish, and refresh
Our uberous *Kine*, so fair, so full of flesh!
How doe our thriving *Cattell* feed our young
With plenteous *Milk*; and with their *flesh* the strong
Heaven bless our *Charles*, as he did our late *James*
From *Pharohs* troubles, and from *Pharohs Dreams*.

## 38.
### *On* Joseph's *Speech to his Brethren.*

Goe, fetch your *Brother* (said th' Ægyptian Lord)
If you intend our Garners shall afford
Your craving wants their so desir'd supplies;
If *He* come not, by *Pharoh's* life y' are *Spies*:
Ey'n as your Suits expect to find our Grace,
Bring *him*, or dare not to behold my face:
Some little food to serve you on the way,
We here allow, but not to feed delay;
When you present your *Brother* to our Hand,
Ye shall have plenty and possesse the Land,
Away, and let your quick obedience give
The earnest of your Faiths; Doe this and live:
If not, your wilfull wants must want supply,
For ye are *Spies*, and ye shall surelie dye:
Great God, the Ægyptian Lord resembles *Thee*,
The Brother's *Jesus*, and the Suitors *We*.

39.

*Of common Devotion*

OUr *God* and *Souldiers*, we alike adore,
Ev'n at the Brink of danger, not before:
After deliverance both alike requited;
Our *God*'s forgotten, and our *Souldier*'s slighted.

40.

*On the day of Judgement.*

*Trump*

OWhen shall that time come, when the loud
Shall wake my sleeping Ashes from the Dump
Of their said *Urne*! That blessed *Day* wherein
My glorifi'd, my metamorphoz'd Skin
Shall circumplex and terminate that fresh
And new refined substance of this flesh!
When my transparent Flesh discharg'd from groanes
And paines, shall hang upon new polisht *Bones*!
When as my body shall re-entertain
Her cleansed Soul, and never part again!
When as my Soul shall by a new Indenture,
Possess her new-built *House*, come down and enter!
When as my Body and my Soul shall plight
Inviolable Faith, and never fight
Nor wrangle more, nor altercate again,
About that strife-begetting question, *Sin*!
When Soul and Body shall receive their Doom
Of *O ye blessed of my Father, Come*!
When *Death* shall be exil'd, and damn'd to dwell
Within her proper and true Center, *Hell*!
Where that old *Tempter* shall be bound in Chaines,
And overwhelm'd with everlasting paines;
Whilst I shall sit, and, in full Glory, sing
Perpetuall *Anthems* to my *Judge*, my *King*.

Or

41.

*On Death.*

WHy should we not, as well, desire *Death*,
*As* Sleep? No difference, but a little Breath
'Tis all but *Rest*; 'tis all but a Releasing
Our tyred limbs; Why then not alike pleasing?
Being burthen'd with the sorrowes of the *Day*,
We wish for night; which being come, we lay
Our Body down; yet when our very Breath
Is irksome to us, w' are affraid of *Death*:
Our *sleep* is oft accompanied with Frights,
Distracting Dreames, and dangers of the nights;
When in the Sheets of *Death*, our Body's sure
From all such Evills, and we sleep secure:
What matter, *Doune*, or *Earth*? what boots it wh
Alas, our body's sensible of neither:
Things that are senselesse feel nor paines nor ease;
Tell me; and why not *wormes* as well as *Fleas*?
In *Sleep*; we know not whether our clos'd eyes
Shall ever wake; from *Death* w' are sure to rise:
I, but 'tis long first: O, is that our feares?
Dare we trust God for *Nights*? and not for *Yeares*

42.

*On the body of Man*

MAns Body's like a *House*: His greater *Bones*,
Are the main *Timber*; And the lesser Ones,
Are smaller *Splints*: His ribs are *Laths* dawbd o'e
Plaster'd with *flesh* and *blood*: his Mouth's the *Doo*
His throat's the narrow *Entry*: And his Heart
Is the *Great Chamber*, full of curious Art:
His *Midriffe*, is a large partition *Wall*,
'Twixt the *Great Chamber*, and the spacious *Hall*;

H

His *Stomcak* is the *Kitchin*, where the Meat
Is often but half sod, for want of *Heat*:
His Spleen's a *Vessell*, Nature doth allot
To take the *skum* that rises from the Pot:
His Lungs are like the *Bellowes* that respire
In ev'ry office, quickning ev'ry fire,
His Nose, the *Chimney* is, whereby are vented
Such Fumes as with the *Bellowes* are augmented:
His Bowells are the *Sink*, whose part's to drein
All noisome filth, and keep the *Kitchin* clean:
His Eyes like Chrystall *windowes* clear and bright
Lets in the *Object*, and lets out the *sight*:
And as the *Timber* is, or great or smal,
Or strong or weak; 'tis apt to stand or fall
Yet is the likeliest *Building* sometimes known,
To fall by obvious Chances; overthrown
Oft times by Tempests, by the full mouth'd *Blasts*
Of Heav'n; Sometimes by fire; Sometimes it wasts
Through unadvis'd *neglect*: Put case, the *stuff*
Were ruin proof, by nature strong enough,
To conquer *Time* and *Age*: Put case, it should
Ne're know an end: Alas, our *Leases* would:
What hast thou then, proud *flesh* & *bloud*, to boast?
Thy dayes are ev'll, at best; but few at most;
But sad, at merriest; and but weak, at strongest;
Unsure, at surest; and but short, at longest.

## 43.
### *On the young man in the Gospel.*

HOw well our *Saviour* and the *landed Youth*
Agreed a little while? And, to say truth,
Had he had will and power in his hand,
To keep the *Law*, but as he kept his *Land*;
No boubt, his soul had found the sweet fruition
Of his own choice desires without Petition;

But

But he must *Sell* and *Follow*, or else not
Obtain his Heaven; ô now his Heav'ns too hot:
He cannot stay, he has no business there:
Hee'l rather misse, than buy his heav'n too dear:
*When Broth's too hot for hasty Hounds, how they will lick their scalded lips, and sneak away.*

44.
*On Mans goodness, and Gods love.*

GOd loves not man, because that man is *good*;
For man is sinfull, because Flesh and Bloud:
We argue false: It rather may behove us,
To think us *good*, 'cause God thinks good to love us.
He that shall argue up from Man to God,
Takes but the pains to gather his own *Rod*;
Who from such Premises, shall draw's *Conclusion*,
Makes but a *Syllogisme* of his own confusion.

45.
*On mans Plea.*

MAns *Plea* to *Man*, is, That he never more
Will beg, and that he never begg'd before:
Mans Plea to God, is, That he did obtain
A former Suit, and therefore sues again.
How good a God we serve; that when we sue,
Makes his old gifts th' examples of his new!

46.
*On* Furio.

*Furio* will not forgive; *Furio* beware:
*Furio* will curse himself in the *Lords Prayer*.

47.

*On* Martha *and* Mary.

*Martha* with joy, receiv'd her blessed Lord;
Her Lord she welcomes, feasts, and entertains:
*Mary* sat silent; hears but speaks no word;
*Martha* takes all, and *Mary* takes no pains:
*Mary's* to hear; to feast him *Martha's* care is;
Now which is greater *Martha's* love or *Mary's*?

*Martha* is full of trouble to prepare;
*Martha* respects his good beyond her own:
*Mary* sits still at ease, and takes no care;
*Mary* desires to please her selfe alone:
The pleasures *Maries*; *Martha's* all the care is;
Now which is greater, *Martha's* love or *Maries*?

'Tis true; Our blessed Lord was *Martha's* Guest:
*Mary* was his, and in his feast delighted:
Now which hath greater reason to love best,
The bountifull Invitor, or the invited?
Sure, both lov'd well; But *Mary* was the debter,
And therefore should, in reason, love the better.

*Maries* was spirituall, *Martha's* love was carnall;
One kist his Hand; the other but the Glove:
As farre as mortall is beneath eternall,
So farre is *Martha's* lesse than *Maries* love:
O blest is he great God, whose heart remembers
*Maries* to Thee; and *Martha's* to thy Members!

48.

*On our blessed Saviour.*

We often read our blessed *Saviour wept*;
But never laught, and seldome that he *slept*:

Ah sure his heavy eyes did wake, and *weep*
For us that sin, so oft, in *mirth* and *sleep*.

49.
*On sinns.*

*Sins*, in respect of Man, all mortall bee;
All veniall, *Jesu*, in respect of Thee.

50.
*On Mans Behaviour to God.*

WE use our God, as Usu'rers do their bands;
We often bear him in our *hearts*, our *Lands*,
His *Paths* are beaten, and his *Waies* are trod,
So long as hee's a profitable God:
But when the Mony's paid, the Profit's taken,
Our *bands* are cancel'd, and our *God*'s forsaken.

51.
*On Mans cruelty.*

ANd dar'st thou venture still to live in Sin,
And crucifie thy dying Lord again?
Were not his *Pangs* sufficient? must he bleed
Yet more? O, must our sinfull pleasures feed
Upon his Torments, and augment the story
Of the sad Passion of the Lord of *Glory*!
Is there no pitty? Is there no remorse
In humane breasts? Is there a firm divorce
Betwixt all mercy, and the hearts of Men?
Parted forever? ne'r to meet agen?
No *mercy* bides with us: 'Tis thou, alone,
Hast it sweet Jesu for us, that have none
For thee: thou hast forestall'd our *Markets* so
That all's *Above*, and we have none *Below*:

Nay, blessed Lord, we have not wherewithall
To serve our shiftlesse selves, unlesse we call
To Thee, that art our *Saviour*, and hast power
To give, and whom we crucifie, each hower:
W' are cruell (Lord) to thee, and our selves too;
E S U *forgive's; we know not what we doe.*

52.

*Mans progresse.*

THe Earth is that forbidden *Tree* that growes
I th' midst of *Paradise*, Her *Fruit* that showes
So sweet, so fair, so pleasing to the eyes,
Is worldly pleasure in a fair disguize:
The *Flesh* suggests: *The fruit is fair and good;*
*Apt to make wise, and a delicious Food;*
*It hath a secret vertue wherewithall*
*To make you Gods; and not to die at all.*
Man tasts, and tempts the frailty of his Brother;
His Brother eats; One bit calls on another;
His guiltie *Conscience* opes his eyes; He sees,
He sees his empty nakedness, and flees;
He stitches slender *Fig-leaves* and does frame
Poor Arguments t' excuse his Sin, his shame;
But in the cooler *evening* of his Dayes,
The voyce calls *Adam*: *Adam's* in a Maze:
His *Conscience* bids him run: The voyce pursues;
Poor *Adam* trembles, ere he knows the newes:
*Adam* must quit the Garden, lest he strive
To taste the saving *Tree of life*, and live;
Poor man must goe; But whether is he bound?
Ev'n to the place from whence he came, the *Ground*.

On

## 53.

### *On the two great Flouds.*

TWo *Flouds* I read of; *Water* and of *wine*;
The first was *Noahs*; *Lot* the last was mine:
The first was the *Effect*, the last, the *Cause*,
Of that foul Sin, against the sacred Lawes
Of God and Nature, *Incest*: *Noah* found
An *Arke* to save him, but poor *Lot* was drownd:
Good *Noah* found an *Ark*, but *Lot* found none:
*w'are safer in Gods hands, then in our own:*
The former floud of *Waters* did extend
But some few dayes; this latter ha's no end,
They both destroy'd, I know not which the worst:
The *last*, is even as gen'rall, as the *first*:
The first being ceas'd, the world began to fill;
The last depopulates, and wastes it still: (the
Both *Flouds* ore-whelm'd, both Man and Beast toge
The last is worst, if there be best of either:
The first are ceas'd: Heav'n vow'd it by a Sign:
*When shall we see a Rainbow after wine?*

## 54.

### *On* Fuca.

*Fuca*, thou quot'st the Scriptures on thy side,
And mak'st *Rebecca* patronize thy pride;
Thou say'st that she wore *Ear-rings*: Did she so?
Know this withall; She bore the *Pitcher* too:
Thou may'st like her, wear *Ear-rings*, if thy pride
Can stoop to what *Rebecca* did beside.

55

*On* Abrahams *servant.*

THis faithfull *Servant* will not feed, untill
He doe his trust-reposing Masters will:
There's many, now, that will not eat before
They speed their *Masters* work: *They'l drink the more.*

56.

*On* Alexander.

NO marvell, thou great *Monarch* didst complain
And weep there were no other worlds to gaine
Thy griefs and thy complaints were not amisse,
H'as Grief enough, that finds no world but this.

57.

*On Rash Judgement.*

JUdge not to fast: This *Tree* that does appear
So barren, may be fruitfull the next year:
Hast thou not patience to expect the hour?
I fear thy own are *Crabs* they be so sour:
Thy judgement oft may tread beside the Text,
A *Saul* to day, may prove a *Paul* the next.

58.

*On* Jacobs *purchase.*

HOw poor was *Jacobs* motion, and how strange
His offer! How unequall was th' exchange!
A messe of *Pottage* for inheritance?
Why could not hungery *Esau* strive t' enhaunce
His price a little? So much under foot;
Well might he give him Bread and drink to boot:

An easie price! The case is ev'n our own;
For toyes we often sell our *Heav'n*, our *Crown*.

59.

*On Esau.*

WHat hast thou done? Nay, what shall *Esau* do
Deft both his *Birth-right*, and his *Blessing* too?
VVhat hath poor *Esau* left, but empty teares,
And Plaints that cannot reach the old mans eares?
What with the Fathers gifts and thine own,
Thy *Birthright's* alien'd, and thy *Blessing's* gone:
How does one mischief overmatch another?
In both, how over taken by a Brother?
Could thy imperious stomach but have stay'd,
And if thy Father had not been delay'd,
Thou had'st not need have wept and pleaded so
But kept thy *Birthright*, and thy *Blessing* too:
Had thy unprosperous, thy unlucky hand
Dispatch'd thy *Ven'zon*, as it did thy Land,
Thy sorrows had not made so great a Heap;
That had not been so dear; nor ours, so cheap:
Had thine giv'n place but to my Fathers will,
Th'adst had thy *Birthright*, and thy blessing still.

60.

*On the absence of a Blessing.*

THe blessing gone, what do's there now remain
*Esau's* offended; *Jacob* must be slain:
The heart of man once emptied of a Grace,
How soon the *Devil* justles in the place!

61.

61.

*On the younger Brother.*

I know, the *Elder* and the *Younger*, too,
Are both alike to God; Nor one, nor other
Can plead their years; but yet we often doe
Observe, the blessing's on the *younger Brother*:
The Scripture notes it, but does spare to show
A reason; therefore, I despair to know.

62.

*On Cain.*

BEfore that *Monster* spilt his Brothers Blood,
W'are sure the *fourth* part of the world was *good*:
O, what a dearth of goodnesse did there grow
When the *Fourth* part was murder'd at a blow!

63.

*On the righteous Man.*

PRomise is *debt*: And Debt implies a *payment*:
How can the righteous then doubt *food* and *raiment*?

64.

*On Faith, Love, and Charity.*

BY nature *Faith* is fiery, and it tends
Still upward; *Love*, by native course, descends:
But *Charity*, whose nature doth confound
And mix the former two, moves ever round:
Lord, let thy *Love* descend, and then the Fire
Of sprightly *Faith* shall kindle, and aspire:
O then, my circling *Charity* shall move
In proper motion, mixt of *Faith* and *Love*.

## 65.
### On Jacobs Pillow.

THe Bed was *Earth*, the raiſed Pillow, *Stones*,
Whereon poor *Jacob* reſts his head, his Bones;
Heaven was his *Canopie*; the ſhades of night
Were his drawn *Curtains*, to exclude the *Light*:
Poor ſtate for *Iſaacs* heir! It ſeems to mee,
His Cattell found as ſoft a *Bed* as Hee:
Yet God appeared there, his *Joy*, his *Crown*;
*God is not alwayes ſeen in Beds of* Down:
O, if that God, ſhall pleaſe to make my *Bed*,
I care not where I reſt my bones, my head;
With Thee, my wants can never prove extream;
With *Jacobs Pillow*, give me *Jacobs Dream*.

## 66.
### On Faith.

*Faith* does acknowledge *gifts*, although we have no
It keeps unſeen thoſe ſins, Confeſſion hid not;
It makes to enjoy the goods we have not,
It counts as done, thoſe pious deeds we did not;
It works, endows, it freel' accepts, it hides:
What Grace is abſent, where true *Faith* abides?

## 67.
### On Zacheus.

ME thinks, I ſee, with what a buſie haſt,
*Zacheus* climb'd the Tree: But O how faſt,
How full of ſpeed, canſt thou imagine (when
Our *Saviour* call'd) he powr'd down agen!
He nee'r made tryall, if the boughs were ſound,
Or rotten; nor how fur 'twas to the ground:

The

There was no danger fear'd: at such a Call,
Hee'l venture nothing, that dare fear a fall:
Needs must he down, by such a *Spirit* driven;
Nor could he fall, unlesse he fell to *Heaven*:
Down came *Zacheus* ravisht from the Tree;
Bird that was shot, ne're dropt so quick as hee.

68.

*On the Thief and Slanderer.*

THe *Thief* and *Slanderer* are almost the same,
T'one steals my *goods*, the other my *good name*;
T'one lives in scorn, the other dies in shame.

69.

*On* Abrahams *pleading for* Sodom.

HOw loth was righteous *Abraham* to cease,
To beat the price of lustfull *Sodoms* peace!
Mark how his holy boldnesse intercepes
Gods *Justice*; brings his *Mercy* down by steps:
He dares not bid so few as *Ten* at first;
Nor yet from *Fifty* righteous persons, durst
His Zeal, on sudden, make too great a fall,
Although he wisht salvation to them all.
Great God! Thy dying *Son* has pow'r to clear
A world of sins, that one shall not appear
Before thine angry eyes: VVhat wonder then,
To see thee fall, from *Fifty* down to *Ten*!

70.

*On Mans goodnesse.*

THy hand, great God, created all things good,
But Man rebell'd, and in defiance stood
Against his own *Creation*, and did stain,
Nay lost that goodnesse which the Beasts retain;

What hap has man, poor Man, above the rest,
That hath lesse goodnesse lest him, then a *Beast* !

71.

*On Zacheus.*

SHort legg'd *Zacheus*, 'Twas the happiest *Tree*,
That ever mortall climb'd, I mean, to *Thee* :
Thy pains in going up, receiv'd the Crown
Of all thy labour, at thy coming down :
Thy Statures lowness gave thee fair occasion
To mount that *Tree*, that *Tree*, to finde *Salvation*:
But was't the *Tree*, *Zacheus*? No, 'twas *Hee*,
VVhose bleeding Body dy'd upon the *Tree*.

72.

*On the Roman, Turk, and Atheist.*

THe *Roman* worships God upon the *wall*;
The *Turk*, a false *God*; Th' *Atheist* none at all.

73.

*On Babels building.*

GReat God, no sooner born, but we begin
*Babel*'s accursed Foundation, by our *Sins*:
Our *thoughts*, our *words*, our *deeds*, are ever yielding
The sad *Materials* of our sinfull Building:
Should not thy *Grace* prevent it, it would even
Rise, and rise up, untill it reach'd to heaven:
Lord, ere our *Building* shall begin to shew,
Confound our *Language* and our *Building* too.

74. O

## 74.
### *On the Thief and the Lyer.*

THe *Lyer* and the *Thief* have one Vocation,
Their difference is but onely in their *Fashion*:
They both deceive; but diversely proceed:
The first deceives by *word*, the last, by *Deed*.

## 75.
### *On the Ægyptians Famine.*

MArk but the course the pin'd *Ægyptians* run:
VVhen all their *coin*, when all their *Corn* is done
They come to *Joseph*, and their stomacks plead (*bread*;
They change their *beasts* for *Corn*, their *flocks* for
Yet still they want: Observe now what they doo;
They give their *Lands*, and yeeld their *Bodies* too:
Now they have *Corn* enough; and now, they shall
Have *seed* to sow their barren soil withall;
Provided that the fifth of their increase
Be *Pharaohs*: Now their stomacks are at peace:
Thus when the *Famine* of the VVord shall strike
Our hungry *Souls*; our Souls must doe the like:
VVe first must part with, (as by their directions)
Our Flocks, our Beasts, our Bestiall *Affections*:
VVhen they are gone, what then must Sinners doe?
Give up their *Lands*, their *Soules* and *Bodies* too:
O, then our hearts shall be refresht and fed,
VVe shall have *seed* to sow, and present *Bread*:
Allowing but the fifth of our increase,
VVe shall have plenty, and our souls have peace.
How art thou pleas'd *good God* that *Man* should live!
How slow art thou to take! how free to give!

### 76.
### *On Zacheus.*

WEll clim'd, *Zacheus*; 'Twas a ſtep well giv'n:
From hence toth' Tree, and from the Tree t
Heav

### 77.
### *On the Ploughman.*

I Hear the whiſtling *Ploughman* all day long,
Sweetning his labour with a cheerfull ſong:
His Bed's a Pad of *Straw*; His dyet, courſe;
In both, he fares not better then his *Horſe*:
He ſeldome ſlakes his thirſt, but from the *Pumpe*;
And yet his heart is blithe, his viſage, plumpe;
His thoughts are nere acquainted with ſuch things
As *Griefs* or *Feares*; He onely ſweats, and ſings:
When as the Landed *Lord*, that cannot dine
Without a qualm, if not refreſht with *wine*;
That cannot judge that controverted caſe,
'Twixt meat and mouth, without the *Bribe* of Sauce;
That claims the ſervice of the pureſt linnen,
To pamper and to ſhrowd his dainty skin in;
Groans out his dayes, in lab'ring to appeaſe
The rage of either *Buſineſſe*, or *Diſeaſe*:
Alas, his ſilken *Robes*, his coſtly *Diet*
Can lend a little pleaſure, but no *Quiet*:
The untold ſumms of his deſcended wealth
Can give his body plenty, but not *Health*:
The one, in Pains, and want, poſſeſſes all;
T' other, in Plenty, finds no peace at all;
'Tis ſtrange! And yet the cauſe is eaſly known;
T' one's at *Gods* finding; t' other, at his own.

78. O

## 78.
### *On a happy Kingdome.*

THat Kingdome, and none other, happy is,
VVhere *Moses*, and his *Aaron* meet and kisse.

## 79.
### *On Gods appearance to Moses.*

GOd first appear'd, to *Moses*, in the *Myre*;
The next time he appear'd, h'appear'd in *Fire*;
The third time, he was known to *Moses* eye
Upon mount *Sinai*, cloath'd in *Majesty*.
Thrice God appears to man: First wallowing in
His foul pollution, and base *Myre* of Sin;
And like to *Pharoes* daughter does bemone
Our helpless State, and drawes us for his owne:
The next time, he appears in *Fire*, whose bright
And gentle flames consume not, but give light;
It is the Fire of *Grace*, where man is bound
To d'off his *Shooes*, because 'tis *holy ground*;
The last appearance shall be in that *Mount*,
VVhere ev'ry Soul shall render an Account
Of *good* or *evill*, where all things Transitory
Shall cease; and *Grace* be crown'd with perfect *Glory*.

80.
*On Gods Law.*

Thy Sacred *Law*, O God,
Is like to Moses *Rod*:
If we but keep it in our hand,
It will doe VVonders in the Land;
If we sleight and throw it to the Ground,
'Twill turn a *Serpent*, and inflict a Wound;
A *wound* that Flesh and Blood cannot endure,
Nor salve, untill the *Brazen Serpent* cure:
I wish not, *Lord*, thou should'st *withhold it*;
Nor would *I have it*, and not hold *it*:
O teach me then, my God,
To handle Moses *Rod*.

81.
*On* Pharoh's *Brick*.

Our God's not like to *Pharoh*; to require
His tale of *Brick*, and give no *Straw* for Fire:
His workmen wanted *straw*, and yet were lasht,
For not performance: VVe have *straw* unthrasht,
Yet we are idle, and we winch, and kick
Against our Burthens, and return no *Brick*:
VVe spend our Straw for *Litter* in the Stable
And then we cry; Alas! *we are not able*;
Think not on Israels sufferings, in that day
VVhen thy offended Justice shall repay
Our labour; Lord, when thou upheav'st thy *Rod*,
Think *Pharoh* was a *Tyrant*; Thou, *a God*.

82.

*On the insatiableneſſe of Mans heart.*

THis *Globe* of earth ha's not the pow'r to fill
The heart of Man, but it deſires more ſtill:
By him that ſeeks, the Cauſe is eaſily found
The Heart's *Triangular*, the earth is *Round*;
He may be full, but never to the brim
Be fill'd with Earth, till earth be fill'd with him.

83.

*On* Pharoe's *hard heartedneſſe.*

PLagues after *Plagues*! And yet not *Pharoh* yeeld
T'enlarge poor *Iſrael*! VVas thy *heart* ſo ſteel'd,
Rebellious Tyrant, that it dare withſtand
The oft repeated *Judgements* of Heav'ns hand?
Could neither *Mercies*, *Oyle*, nor *Judgements thunder*
Diſſolve, nor break thy ſtinty heart in ſunder?
No, no, VVhat *Sun-beams* ſoften nor, they harden;
Purpos'd *Rebellions* are aſleep to *Pardon*.

84.

*On the Change of* Pharoh's *fortune.*

OBſerve what *peace* great *Pharoh*'s kingdom found
VVhile *Joſeph* liv'd; what *proſprous diſtings* crowned
His happie dayes! Heav'ns plague-inflicting hand
VVas then a ſtranger to his *peacefull Land*:
*Peace* was entayl'd upon his Royall *Thorne*
His Land had plenty, when the VVorld had none;
His full *deſires* over-flow'd their Brim,
*Favours* came down unask't, unſought by him:
His *Scepter* flouriſh'd, from a God unknown,
No need to trouble any of his own:

VVhile

VVhile *Joseph* liv'd his *Blessings* had no end,
That God was his, whil'ſt he was *Josephs* Freind;
*These temp'rall Blessings heaven doth often, ſhare*
*Unto the wicked, at the good mans Prayer.*
But *Joseph* dies; And *Josephs* Sons muſt fall
Beneath their Burthens, and be ſcourg'd withall;
VVhilſt Tyrant *Pharoahs* more ſeverer hand
Keeps them laborious *Priſoners* in his Land;
*God oft permits his Children to be hurld*
*Into diſtreſſe, to wean them from the world.*
But *Pharaohs* Bleſſings alter with his *Brow*;
The budding Scepter's turn'd a *ſerpent* now;
His land muſt groan; her *plagues* muſt ſtill increaſe,
Till *Iacobs* Off ſpring, ſhall finde *Iacobs* peace;
*Gods Children are the apples of his Eye,*
*whoſe touch is death, if being toucht, they cry.*
Now Tyrant *Pharoh* dares no longer chuſe,
*Iſrael* muſt go: *Pharoh* repents, purſues;
*Pharoh* wants *Brick*; *Pharoh* ere long, I fear,
VVill find the purchaſe of his *Brick* too dear:
*Moſes* holds forth his *Rod*; The *Seas* divide,
The *waves* are turnd to *Walls* on either ſide:
They paſſe ſecure; *Pharoh* purſues them ſtill:
*God leaves his Children to the brunt of Ill:*
The Chariot *wheels* fly off, the *Harneſſe* cracks;
One wants a *Nail*, the next, a *Hammer* lacks;
*How Man is croſs'd and puzzel'd in that plot,*
*where heaven denies ſucceſſe, and proſpers not!*
*Moſes* holds forth his *Rod*; The *Eaſtern* wind
Calls back the *Tydes*; The parted *Waters* joyn'd,
And overwhelm'd great Pharo' and *Pharoes Hoſt*;
None ſcap'd to tell the news; All drown'd, and loſt;
Thus thrives Rebellion; *Plagues* not doing good,
Oft times conclude, their *Ceremonie* in Bloud,
Thus hardned hearts grow more and more obdure;
And Heaven cuts off, when Earth is moſt ſecure.

85.

*On the First-born.*

THe *First-born* of th' Ægyptians all were slain,
From him that holds the *Scepter* to the *Swain*:
But all that are *First-born* in *Israel*, be
Accepted Lord and sanctified to Thee:
Thy looks are alwaies turn'd upon the Prime
Of all our *Actions*, *words*, our *Thoughts*, our *Time*:
Thy pleased Eye is fixt upon the *First*;
And from the *womb* w' are thine, or else accurst.

86.

*On Baptized Infants:*

I Dare not judge those Judgements ill advis'd,
That hold such *Infants* sav'd as die baptiz'd:
VVhat hinders Life? *Originall* hath bin:
New wash'd away; there's yet no *Actuall sin*:
Death is the effect of *sin*. The Cause being gon,
VVhat ground is left for Death to work upon?
I know not: But of Israels sons 'tis found,
*Moses* was sav'd; I read that none was drownd

87.

*On the grumbling Israelites.*

NO sooner out, but grumble? Is the *Brick*
So soon forgotten? 'Tis a common trick:
Serve God in plenty: Ægypt can do thus;
No thanks to serve our God, when God serves us:
*Some fullen Curres, when they perceive a Bone,*
*Will wag their Tailes and faune; but snarle if none.*

88.

*On Mans Rebellion.*

O How perverse is *Flesh* and *Blaud*! in whom
Rebellion blossoms from the very Womb!
What Heav'n commands how lame we are to doe!
And things forbid how soon perswaded to!
We never read rebellious *Israel* did
Bow to strange gods, till *Israel* was forbid.

89.

*On* Israel.

HAd *Israel*, in her want, been truly humbled,
*Isr'el* had *pray'd* & *groan'd* to heav'n, nor *grumbled*
But *Isr'el* wanted food: *Isr'els* complaint
Could not be fervent, *Isr'el* being faint:
*Isr'el* gets foode. Now *Isr'el* is so full,
That her Devotion, and her Zeal is dull.
Lord, when art thou in season? When's the time,
To doe thee service? When's our *Zeal* in prime?
'Tis alwaies either not full ripe or wasling:
We cannot serve our God nor *Full* nor *Fasting*.

90.

*On the Sinners Refuge.*

HE that shall shed, with a presumptious hand,
The bloud of *Man*, must by thy just command,
Be put to death; The *Murtherer* must dye;
The Law denies him refuge where to flye:
Great God, our hands have slain a *man*; nay further
They have committed a presumptious murther
Upon a guiltless *Man*; Nay, what is worse,
They have betraid our *Brother* to the Curse

O

Of a reproachfull *death*; Nay, what exceeds,
It is our *Lord*, our dying *Saviour* bleeds;
Nay more, it is thy *Son*, thy only *Son*;
All this have we, all this our hands have done:
On what dear *Objects* shall we turn our eye?
Look to the *Law*? O! by the Law we dye.
Is there no *Refuge*, Lord? No place that shall
Secure our souls from *Death*? Ah, none at *all*!
What shall poor *Mortals* doe? thy Laws are just,
And most irrevocable: Shall we trust
Or fly to our own *Merits*, and be freed
By our good works? I, there were help indeed!
Is there no *City* for a soule to flye
And save it selfe? Must we resolve to dye?
O infinite! O not to be expreſt!
Nay, not to be conceived by the breſt
Of *Men* or *Angels*! O transcendent *Love*!
Incomprehensible! as far above
The reach of *Man*, as mans deserts are under
The sacred benefit of so blest a *wonder*!
That very *Blood* our sinfull hands have shed,
Cryes loud for *Mercy*, and those *wounds* do plead
For those that made them: he that pleads, forgives;
And is both *God* and *Man*; both dead, and lives;
He whom we murther'd is become our *Guarden*;
Hee's man; to suffer; and hee's God to pardon:
Here's our *Protection*; Here, our *Refuge* City,
Whose living springs run *Piety* and *Pity*;
Goe then, my *Soul*, and passe the common Bounds
Of *Passion*, Goe, and kneel before his *wounds*;
Goe touch them with thy lips, thou need'st not fear
They will not bleed afresh, though thou be there;
But if they do, that very *Blood* thou spilt,
Believ't will plead thy *Pardon*, not thy *Guilt*.

91.

*On the deposing of Princes.*

I Know not by what vertue *Rome* deposes
A Chrſtian *Prince*: Did *Aaron* command *Moſes*?
If ſacred Scriptures mention ſuch a thing:
Sure *Rome* has colour to depoſe a *King*.

92.

*On* Peters *Keyes.*

THe pow'r of *Peter* does all pow'r excell;
He opens Heav'n; He ſhuts the *Doores* of Hell;
The *Keyes* are his; in what a caſe were they,
Should *Peters* Succeſſors miſtake the *Key*?

93.

*On Offrings.*

ARe all ſuch *Offrings* as are cruſh'd, and bruis'd,
Forbid thy *Altar*? May they not be us'd?
And muſt all *broken things* be ſet a part?
No Lord: Thou wilt accept a *Broken heart.*

94.

*On Uſurers.*

OF all men, *Uſurers* are not leaſt accurſt;
They rob the *Spittle*, pinch th' Afflicted worſt;
In others grief they'r moſt delighted in;
VVhileſt *Givers* ſuffer for the *Takers* ſin.
O how unjuſt a *Trade* of life is that,
VVhich makes the *Lab'rers* lean, and th' *idle* fat!

On

95.
*On repentance.*

CAnst thou recover thy consumed *Flesh*,
From the well-feasted *wormes*? Or put on fresh?
Canst thou redeem thy *Ashes* from the dead?
Or quit thy Carkasse from her *sheet* of *Lead*?
Canst thou awaken thy earth closed *eyes*?
Unlock thy *Marble* Monument and rise?
All this thou may'st perform, with as great ease,
As to repent thee, mortall, when thou please:
It is thy *Grave*, not *Bed*, that thou art in:
Th' art not *asleep*, but thou art *dead* in *Sin*.

96.
*On wine and water.*

NAture and *Grace*, who ever tasted both,
Differ as much, as *wine* and *water* doth:
This cleanseth (if not grosly stain'd with *Sin*)
The outward *Man*: but scowers not within:
That cheares the Heart, and makes the Courage bold,
Quickens and warmes dead *spirits* that are cold:
It fires the *Bloud*: and makes the *Soul divine*:
O that my *water*, Lord, were turn'd to *Wine*!

97.
*On* Balaams *Asse*.

THe *Asse*, that for her slowneſſe was forbid
To be imployed in Gods service, did
Performe good service now, in being slow:
The *Asse* received stripes but would not goe:
The baulk'd the way, and *Balaam* could not guide her;
The *Asse* had far more wisdome than the *Rider*:

The

The *Message* being bad, the *Asse* was loth
To be the *Bearer*: 'Twas a happy sloth;
'Twas well for *Balaam*: Had his *Asse* but try'd
Another step, *Balaam* had surely dy'd.
Poor *Asse*! And was thy faithfull service payd
VVith oft-repeated stroaks? Had'st thou obayd,
Thy Lord had bought thy travell with his blood;
*Such is mans payment, often bad for good:*
The *Asse* begins to question with his *Master*,
Argues the case, pleades why he went no faster;
Nay, showes him *Mystiryes*, far beyond his reach;
*Sure, God wants Prophets, when dul Asses preach;*
The *Asse* perceives the *Angell*, and falls down;
VVhen *Balaam* sees him not, or sees unknown:
Nor is't a wonder: Gods *Spirit* did passe
From blindfold *Balaam*, into *Balaams Asse*.

98.

*On some raw Divines.*

SOme raw *Divines*, no sooner are espous'd
To their first *Wives*, and in the *Temple* hous'd
But straight the *Peace* is broke: They now begin
T' appoint the *Field*, to fight their *Battailes* in:
*School men* must war with *School men*: *text* with *text*
The first's the *Chaldee's Paraphrase*; the next
The *Septuagints*: *Opinion* thwarts *Opinion*;
The *Papist* holds the first; the last th' *Arminian*;
And then the *Councels* must be call'd t' advice,
VVhat this of *Lateran* sayes, what that of *Nice*:
And here the point must be a new disputed,
*Arius* is false; and *Bellarmin's* confuted:
Thus with the sharp *Artillery* of their VVit;
They shoot at *random*, careless where they hit:
The slightly studied *Fathers* must be prayd,
Although on small acquaintance, in to ayd,

VVh

Whose glorious *Varnish* must impose a glosse
Upon their *Paint*, whose Gold must gild their *drosse*,
Now *Martin Luther* must be purg'd by them,
From all his *Errors*, like a School-boyes *Theam*;
*Free-will*'s disputed, *Consubstantiation*,
And the deep Ocean of *Predestination*,
Where, daring venture, oft, too far into't,
They *Pharoh* like, are drown'd both *Horse* and *Foot*;
Forgetting that the Sacred *Law* enjoynes
*New-married men* to sit beneath their *Vines*,
And chear their *Wives*: They must not venture out
To *warre*, until the Year be run about.

## 99.
### *On buying of the Bible.*

'Tis but a folly to rejoyce or boast,
How small a *price*, thy well-bought *Pen'worth* cost
Intill thy Death, thou shalt not fully know
Whether thy *Purchase* be good, cheap, or no;
And that day, beleev't, it will appear,
If not extreamly *cheap*, extreamly *dear*.

## 100.
### *On the buying of the New Testament.*

*Reader*, If thou wilt prove no more
Then what *I* terme thee, ev'n before
Thou ask the *price*, turn back thine eye;
Otherwise, unclasp, and buy:
Now then, the *price* of what thou buy'st
Is the dear blood of *Jesus Christ*;
Which *price* is over-dear to none,
That dares protect it with his *own*:
If thou stand guilty of the *price*,
Ev'n save thy purse-strings, and be wise;

Thy

Thy mony will but in conclusion,
Make purchase of thy own *Confusion*:
But if that guilt be done away,
Thou mayst as safely buy, as pay.

100.
To my BOOK.

MY *Little* Pinnace, *strike thy* Sailes,
*Let slip thy* Anchor: *The* VVind *failes*:
*And Sea-men oft in* Calmes *doe fear*
*That foul, and boistrous weather's near*;
*If a robustious* Storm *should rise*,
*And bluster from Censorious* Eyes,
*Although the swelling waves be rough*
*And proud, thy* Harbour's *safe enough*:
*Rest, rest a while, till ebbing* Tides
*Shall make the* stanch *and* breme *thy sides*;
*When* VVindes *shall serve, hoist up thy* Saile,
*And fly before a prosperous* Gale;
*That all the* Coasters *may resort*,
*And bid thee welcome to thy* PORT.

The end of the first *Book*.

# DIVINE FANCIES:

## The Second Book.

### I.

### To *Almighty* God.

*Lord*, Thou requir'st the first of all our *Time*,
The first of all *Actions*, and the prime
Of all our *Thoughts*; And, *Lord*, good reason, we,
When thou giv'st all, should give the *First* to Thee:
But O, we often rob thee of thy due,
Like *Elies* Children, whom thy vengeance slue:
We pinch thy *Offring* to enlarge our *Fee*;
We keep the *Fat*, and carve the *Lean* to thee:
We thrust our three-tooth'd *Flesh-hook* in thy *Pot*,
Not onely, what the *Flesh-hook* taketh not,
But share to thee: Lord, we are still deceiving;
We take the *Prime*, and feed thee with our *Saving*:
Our Sluttish *Bowles* are cream'd with soil and filth:
Our Wheat is full of *Chaffe*, of *Tares*, our Tilth:
Lord, what in *Flesh* and *Blood* can there be had,
That's worth the having, when the best is bad?
There's nothing *good*, unlesse thou please to make it;
And then, if ought be worth the taking, take it.

2. On

2.

*On Gods Dyet.*

DEar Lord, when we approach thy sacred *Fire*,
To burn our *Sacrifice*, thou do'st require
The *Heads* of ev'ry Beast that dyes; the *Hearts*;
Th'enclosed *Fat*; and all the *Inward parts*:
Our *Senses* and our *Memories* must be
All set apart, and sanctifi'd to thee;
The strength of our *Desires*, the best perfections
Of our imperfect *Wills*, the choyce affections
Of our refined *Hearts* must all conjoyn
To seek thy *Glory*: They must all be thine:
I know thy *Dyet*, Lord; Of all the rest,
Thou dost affect the *Head* and *Pastenance* best.

3.

*On Moses Birth and Death.*

WE read, no sooner new born *Moses* crept
Into his vail of *Teares*, but th' Infant wept
But, being warned of his *Death* his *Last*,
We finde it storied, that he sung as fast;
These sev'rall passions found their reason, why,
He dy'd to live, but he was born to dye:
To whom this transitory life shall bring
Just cause to *weep*, there Death gives cause to *sing*.

4.

*On Jeptha's Vow.*

VIctorious *Jeptha*, could thy *Zeal* allow
No other way, then by a rash made *Vow*,
T'expresse thy *Thanks*? A *Vow* whose undertaking
Was ev'n a Sin more odious than the making:

Twas cruell *Piety* that taught thee how
To paddle in thy *Daughters* Blood: But thou
Unlucky *Virgin*! was there none to be
Betwixt thy Fathers mortall *vow*, and *Thee*?
Why cam'st thou forth, *Sweet Virgin*? To what end
Had it thou such needlesse haste? Thou cam'st to send
Thy filiall *Triumph* to thy Fathers *Wrath*;
Thou thought'st to meet a *Blessing*, and not *Death*.
Rash *Iepthe*! may not thy repentance quit
That *Vow*, when Rashnesse was the cause of it?
Canst thou not dispense with that, wherein
Thy strict Religion's a presumptuous *Sin*?
Is she unhappy, or thou cruell rather?
Unhappy *Child*, and too too cruell *Father*.

## 5.

### *On* Jesus *and* Sampson.

AN *Angel* did to *Manoahs* wife appear,
And brought the news her barren *Womb* should bear:
Did not another *Angel*, if not Hee,
Thrice blessed *Virgin*, bring the same to thee?
The Wife of *Manoah* (nine moneths being run)
Her Heav'n-saluted *Womb* brought forth a *Son*:
So thee, Sweet *Virgin*, full of Grace and Heaven,
A *Child* was born, to us a *Son* was given:
The name of hers was *Sampson*, borne to fight
For captiv'd *Israel*, and a *Nazarite*:
Thine was a *Nazarite* too, and born to ease us
From Satans burthens, and his name is *Jesus*:
*Sampson* espous'd, and took in Marriage her
That was the child of an *Idolater*;
Our *Jesus* took a wife that bow'd the knee
And worshipp'd unknown *gods*, as well as she:
Assaulted *Sampson* met, and had to doe
With a fierce *Lion*, foyld, and slue him too:

Our

Our conquering *Jesus* purchas'd higher fame;
His arme encountred *Death* and overcame:
Victorious *Sampson* stept aside, and drew
Pure *Honey* from the Carcasse that he slew;
When our triumphing *Jesus* sought, and found
A greater *sweetnesse* in his *Lions* wound.
Unorious *Sampson* pleases to divide
His purchas'd Honey to his faireſt *Bride*:
But what? Is *Sampson* singular in this?
Did not our *Jesus* doe the like to *his*?
*Sampson* propounds a *Riddle*, and does hide
The folded Myſt'ry in his faithleſſe Bride;
Our blessed *Jesus* propounds *Riddles* too,
Too hard for Man, his Bride unsought t' undoe;
The *Bride* forsakes her *Sampson*; do's betroath h
To a new *Love*, and falsly weds another;
And did not the adulterous *Jewes* forgoe
Their first Love *Jesus*, and forsake him too?
Displeased *Sampson* had the choice to wed
The *younger sister* in the Elders stead;
Displeased *Jesus* hath espous'd the *Younger*;
God send her fairer; and affections stronger.
*Sampson* sent *Foxes* on his fiery errant,
Among their corn, and made their *crimes* his *war*
Offended *Jesus* shewes as able signes
Of wrath; His *Foxes* have destroy'd their *Vines*;
Our *Sampsons* love to *Dalilah* was such,
That for her sake poor *Sampson* suffered much;
Our *Jesus* had his *Dalilah*: For her
His Soul became so great a sufferer,
*Sampson* was subject to their *scorne* and *shame*,
And was not *Jesus*, even the very same?
*Sampson*'s betrayed to the *Philistians* hands,
Was bound a while, but quickly brake his bands:
*Jesus* the first and second day, could be
The *graves* close pris'ner; but, the third was fre

In this they differ'd; *Jesus* dying breath
Cry'd out for *Life*, but *Sampsons* call'd for *Death*:
*Father forgive them*, did our *Jesus* crie;
But *Sampson*, *Let me be reveng'd and die*:
Since then *sweet Saviour*, 'tis thy *Death* must ease us,
We flie from *Sampson*, and appeal to *Jesus*.

6.

*On Elies double censure.*

WHen barren *Hanna* prostrate on the Floor,
In hear of *zeal* and passion, did implore
Redresse from Heav'n, censorious *Ely* thought
She had been drunk, and check her for her fault;
Rough was his *Censure*, and his *check*, austere;
*Where mildnesse should be us'd, we are oft severe.*
But when his lustful Sons, that could abuse
The *House* of God, making her Porch their *stues*,
Appear'd before him, his indulgent tongue
Compounded rather then rebuk'd the wrong;
He dare not shoot, for fear he wound his *Childe*;
*Where we should be severe, w'are oft too milde.*
Inequall *Ely!* was thy *sentence* just,
To censure *Zeal*, and not to punish *Lust?*
Could thy Parentall mildnesse but have past
The former by as easily, as the last;
Or had the last, by just proportion, bin
Rated but like the first supposed sin,
Perchance thy aged head had found increase
Of some few dayes, and gone to sleep in peace:
*Passions misplac'd are dangerous*: Let all
Remember *Elies Faults*, with *Elies Fall*.

7.

*On the refining of Gold.*

HAst thou observed how the curious hand
of the *Refiner* seeks to understand
The inadulterate pureneſſe of his *gold*?
He weighs it firſt, and after does infold
In *Lead*, and then commits it to the *Fire*;
And, as the *lead* conſumes, the *gold* drawes nigher
To his perfection, without waſt or loſſe
Of his pure ſubſtance, but his weight, his droſſe:
The Great *Refiner* of Mans baſer *Heart*
Uſes the like, nay, ſhewes the ſelfe ſame *Art*;
He weighs it firſt, and finding it too full
Of *Traſh* and *Earth*, he wraps it in ſome dull
And leaden croſſe, of *puniſhment* or, *ſin*;
Then, caſts it in Affliction's *Fire*; wherein
The *lead* and *droſſe* evaporate together,
And leaves the *Heart* refin'd and quit of either:
Thus though mans Heart be leſſen'd by the *Croſſe*,
And lighter; 'tis but lighter by the *Droſſe*.

8.

*On* Dagon *and the Ark.*

WHat news with *Dagon*? Is thy ſhrine ſo hot,
Thou canſt not keep it? or has *Dagon* got
The falling ſickneſſe, that his *godſhip's* found
In ſuch a poſture, proſtrate on the ground?
Poor helpleſſe *god*! but ſtay: Is *Dagon* grown
So weak ith' hams: nor ſtand, nor riſe alone?
A *god*, and cannot riſe? 'Tis very odd!
He muſt have help, or lye: *A proper god!*
VVell, *Dagon* muſt require help of hands;
Up *Dagon* goes the ſecond time, and ſtands

As confident as though his place had bin
His own, in *Fee*: Down *Dagon* falls again:
But *Dagon*'s shrewdly martyr'd with the jump,
Lost *Hands* and *Head*, and nothing left but *stump*:
Sure all's not well with *Dagon*, now of late
Hee's either sick, or much forgot the State
Belonging to so great a *god*: Has none
Offerd some stinking *Sacrifice*, or blown
Some nauseous fume into his sacred *Nose*,
And made his *god ship* dizzie? Or who knowes,
Perchance h'as taken Pet, and will resigne
His sullen place, and quit his empty Shrine.
No wonder, a *false god* should stoop, and ly
Upon the floor when as a *true God*'s by.
It was unlikely *Dagon* should forbeare
Respect of *Homage*, when the *Ark* was there.
If I would worship a false *god* at all,
It should be one that would not scorn to fall
Before his *Betters*; whose indifferent arme,
If it could do no good, could doe no harme;
I'de rather choose to bend my idle knee,
Of all false *gods*, to such a *god* as he,
Whose spirit's not too *quick*: *The fabulous Frog*
*Found greater danger in the Stork, then Log*:
And to conclude, I'de choose him, *Dagon* like:
Not having *Head*, to plot; nor *Hand*, to strike.

9.

*On* Saul *and* David.

SUre, *Saul* as little look'd to be a *King*,
As I: and *David* dream'd of such a thing,
As much as he; when both alike did keep,
The one his Fathers *Asses*; t' other *Sheep*:
*Saul* must forsake his *whip*, and *David* flings
His *Crook* aside; And they must both be *Kings*:

*Saul* had no *sword*, and *David* then no *spear*,
There was none *Conquer'd*, nor no *Conqu'ror* there;
There was no *sweat*, there was no *bloud* to shed;
The unsought Crown besought the *wearers* head,
There was a *stratagem*; No Opposition,
No taking parts, No jealous *Competition*;
There needs no *Art*, there needs no *sword* to bring,
And place the *Crown*, where *God* appoints the *King*.

10.

*On* David *and* Goliah.

SAtan's the great *Goliah*, that so boasts
And threats our *Israel*, and defies her *Hosts*;
Those smoother *stones* couragious *David* took
From the soft bosome of the silver Brook,
Are *Scriptum est*: The *sling* that gives them flight,
Is *Faith*; That makes them flie, and flie aright;
Lord, lend me *Davids sling*, and then I know,
I shall have *Davids strength* and *courage* too;
Give me but skill to pick such *stones* as these,
And I will meet *Goliah* when he please.

11.

*On* Sauls *Witch*.

WHen *Saul* receiv'd no *answer* down from *heaven*,
How quickly was his jealous *passion* driv'n
A desp'rate Course! He needs must cure the *Itch*
Of his extream desires, by a *witch*;
*When we have lost our way to* God, *how levell,*
*How easie to be found's the way to th' Divell.*

12. O

12.

*On the neceſſitie of Gods preſence.*

WHen thou wert preſent with thy *Strengthning Grace*,
*Saul* propheſied, and fought:
But when, *Great God*, thou didſt withdraw thy *face*,
*Murther* was in his thought,
Thus as thou giv'ſt, or tak'ſt away thy *hand*,
WVe either *fall* or *ſtand*.

13.

Davids *Epitaph on* Jonathan.

HEre lies the *faireſt* Flour *that ſtood*
*In* Iſ'els Garden; *now*, *in* Blood:
*Which death to make her* Garland *gay*,
*Hath cropt*, *againſt her* Triumph day:
*Here*, *here lies He whoſe Actions pend*,
*The perfect* Copie *of a Friend*:
*Whoſe milk-white* Vellam *did incur*
*No leaſt ſuſpition of a* Blur:
*Here lies the example of a brother*,
*Not to be follow'd by another*;
*The fair intented* Counter-part
*Of* Davids joy *of* Davids Heart:
*Reſt then*; *For ever reſt alone*,
*Thy* Aſhes *can be touch'd by none*,
*Till* Death *hath pickt out ſuch another*;
*Here lies a* Flou'r, *a* Friend; *a* Brother.

14.

*On Gods word.*

GOds ſacred *word* is like the *Lamp* of Day,
Which ſoftens *wax*, but makes obdure the *clay*;

It either melts the *Heart*, or more obdures;
It never falls in vain; It *wounds*, or *cures*,
Lord make my breast thy *Hive*, and then I know,
Thy *Bees* will bring in *Wax*, and *Honey* too.

15.

*On Man.*

BY Nature, Lord, men worse then nothing be;
And lesse than *Nothing*, if compar'd with *Thee*:
If lesse and worse than *Nothing*, tell me than,
VVhere is that *Something*, thou so boasts proud *Man*?

16.

*On* Ahaz *Dyall.*

MAns *Heart* is like *Ahaz Dyall*; if it flees
Nor forward, it goes backward ten *Degrees*.

17.

*On Lust.*

LUst is an *Ignis fatuus*, that arises (prize
From the base *Earth*, that playes her wanton
In solitary *Hearts*, and ever haunts
*Dark places*, whose deceitfull flame inchaunts
The wandering steps of the diverted *stranger*,
Still tempting his mis-guided fear to danger:
She never leaves, till by her fair deluſion,
She brings him headlong to his own *confusion*.

18.

*On* Thamar *and* Amnon.

SHe must be lov'd: then courted; and what more:
Enjoy'd; then hated, then expeld the doore:
*Amnon*

*Amnon* must be discover'd; must obtain
License to feast; and then be drunk; then slain:
O what Repose is had in sinfull *Breath*:
Whose love, in *hate*; whose mirth concludes in *death*!

## 19.
### *On Love and Lust.*

THey'r wild, that take base Lust for Loves *half brother*
Yeelding two *Fathers*, but the self same *Mother*:
*Lust*, is a Monster that's conceived and bred
Of the abused *will*, maintain'd and fed
With *sensuall thoughts*; Of nature rude, uncivill;
Of life robustious, and whose *Sire's* the Devill;
But *Love's* the Child of th' *uncorrupted will*,
Nourish'd with *Vertue*, poys'ned with the *swill*
Of base respects; Of nature, sweet and mild;
In manners genele; easily known whose *child*;
For, by the likenesse ev'ry eye may gather,
That hee's the Off-spring of a Heavenly *Father*:
*This*, suffers all things; *That* can suffer nothing:
*This*, never ends; *That*, ever ends in loathing:
Th' one loves the *Darknesse* most; the other, *Light*:
The last's the Child of *Day*; the first, of *Night*:
*The one* is meek; *The other*, full of Fire:
*This*, never laggs; *That*, ever apt to tire:
T' *one's* rash and furious; T' *other* mild and sage;
*That* dies with youth; whil'st *This* survives with age:
*The one's* courageous; T' *other* full of feats:
*That* seeks; *The other* baulks both eyes and ears:
In brief, to know them both aright, and misse not;
In all respects, t' *one* is, what t' *other* is not:
So far from *Brothers*, that they seem disjoyn'd.
Not in *Condition* only, but in *kind*.
Admit a falshood, that they had one *Mother*:
The best that *Lust* can claim's a *Bastard* Brother.

Great God, must thou be conscious of that *Name*,
Which jealous Mortals count the height of shame?
And not thy Nuptiall *Bed* alone defil'd,
But to be charged with the base-born *Child*?
And yet not mov'd? and yet not move thy *Rod*?
Hast thou not cause to be a *Jealous God*?
Can thy just *Jealousies*, great God, be grounded
On Mans disloyalty, not Man confounded?

20.

*On a Tinder-Box.*

MY Soule is like to *Tindr*, whereinto
The Devill strikes a *spark* at ev'ry blow;
My heart's the *flint*; The *steel* Temptation is;
And his suggestions hit, and never misse:
His *hand* is ever sure; My *Tinder* apt to catch,
Soone sets a fire ev'ry proffer'd *Match*.

21.

*On* Achitophel.

SAge were thy *Counsels*, and as well apply'd
If thou hadst had but *Loyalty* on thy side:
I like thy last *Design*, (above the rest)
When thou hadst set thine house in *order*, best;
In all Exploits, the *Rule* is not so ample,
Not half so beneficiall as th' *Example*:
Th' Almighty prosper *Christian* Crowns; and blesse
All such like *Counsels*, with the like successe:
Confound *Achitophell*: and, Lord, impart
His *Head* to us; and to our Foes, his *Heart*.

22. O

22.

*On Sinne.*

*Unhappy Man! whose every breath*
*Is Sin; Whose every sin is death;*

SIN, first Originall; then our actuall *sin?*
Our *sins* that sally forth; our *sins* that lurk within:
Our wilfull *sins*; and world of sins, by chance:
Our conscious *sins*, our *sins* of darker Ignorance:
Our oft-repeated *sins* Sins never reckon'd: (cond;
Gainst the first Table *sins*; Sins done against the se-
Our Pleading *sins*, our sins without a cause,
Our Gospel-*sins*; rebellious *sins* against thy lawes:
Our *sins* against our vowes; fresh *sins* again:
*Sins* of infirmity; and high presumptuous *sin*:
Thus like our *Lines*, our *Lives* begin,
Continue, and conclude in *sin*.

23.

*On the Sun and Stars.*

OUr dying Saviour's like the setting *Sun*;
His Saints, on earth, are like the *stars of night*:
Experience tells us, till the Sun be gone,
The Stars appear not, and retain no *light*:
Till *Sun set* we discerne no Stars at all;
And Saints receive their Glory in his *fall*.

24.

*On Absolon and Sampson.*

*Sampsons* defect and thy excesse of *hair*, (air
Gave him his death, oth' ground, thee, thine in-
His thoughts were too depress, thine for'd too high;
Immortals live, so oftentimes, they die.

25.

## *On Gods favour.*

GOds favours like the *Sun*, whose *beames* appear
To all that dwell in the worlds *Hemisphear*,
Though not to all alike: To some they expresse
Themselves more radiant, and to others lesse:
To some they rise more early; and they fall
More late to others, giving *day* to all:
Some soiles more grosse, and breathing more in
And earthy *vapours* forth, whose foggs obscure
The darkned *Medium* of the moister aire;
VVhilst other Soiles, more perfect, yeeld more ra
And purer *Fumes*, whereby those *Beames* appear,
To some, lesse glorious; and to some, more clear:
It would be ever *Day*; *Day*, alwayes bright,
Did not our interposed *Earth* make night;
The *Sun* shines alwayes strenuous and fair,
But ah, our sins, our *Clouds* be night the air;
Lord, drain the *Fens* of this my Boggy soul,
VVhose grosser *vapours* make my day so foul;
Thy Son hath strength enough to chase away
These rising *Fogs*, and make a glorious *Day*;
Rise, and shine alwayes clear, but most of all,
Let me behold thy glory in thy *Fall*;
That being set, poor I (my flesh being hurld
From this) may meet thee, in another *World*.

26.

## *On a spirituall Fever.*

MY soul hath had a *Fever* a long while;
O! I can neither relish, nor digest;
My nimble *Pulses* beat my *veines* doe boile:
I cannot close mine eyes; I cannot rest.

O, for a *Surgeon*, now, to ſtrike a Veine!
That, that would lay my *Heart*, and eaſe my *Pain*;
No, no, It is thy *Bloud*, and not mine own;
Thy *Bloud* muſt cure me, *Jeſus*, or elſe none.

27.

*On* Davids *choice.*

FAmine, the *Sword*, the *Peſtilence*, which is leaſt,
VVhen all are great, which worſt, when bad's the beſt?
It is a point of mercy, yet, to give
A choiſe of death to ſuch as muſt not live;
But was the choiſe ſo heard? It ſeemes to mee,
There was a worſe, and better of the three
Though all extream; Me thinks, the help of hands
Might ſwage the firſt; the *breda* of forrain lands
Might patch their lives, and make ſome ſlender ſhift
To ſave a while with neceſſary thrift;
Me thinks, the ſecond ſhould be leſſe extream
Then that; Alas! poor *Iſrael* could not dream
If too much *peace*, that had ſo oft diviſion;
Among themſelves and forrain oppoſition;
Beſides, their King was *martiall*; his acts *glorious*;
His heart was *valiant*, and his hand *victorious*;
Me thinks a Conquerour, a *Man oth' ſword*
Should nere be puzzeld at ſo poor a *word*;
In both, however, *David* at the worſt,
Might well preſume he ſhould not die the firſt.
But oh! the *Plague's* impartiall, it reſpects
No quality of *Perſon*, *age*, nor *ſex*;
The Royall *breaſt's* as open to her hand
As is the loweſt *Peſant* in the Land;
*Famine*, the *Sword*, the *Peſtilence*, *David* free,
To take his choice, and pick the worſt of three,
He that gave *David* power to refuſe,
Inſtructed *David* in the *Art* to chuſe;

He

He knew no forrain Kingdome could afford
Supply, where God makes *Dearth*: He knew the *ſward*
VVould want an arm, the arm would want her skill,
And skill *ſucceſſe*, where heav'n prepares to kill:
He knew, there was no truſt, no ſafe recourſe
To *Martiall* man, or to his warlike *horſe*;
But it is thou *Great God*, the only cloſe
Of his beſt thoughts, and the ſecure repoſe
Of all his *truſt*; He yields to kiſſe thy *Rod*:
*Iſrael* was thine, and thou art *Iſraels* God:
He knew thy gracious *wont*, thy wonted *grace*;
He knew, thy *Mercy* took the upper place
Of all thy *Attributes*; 'Twas no adventure
To caſt himſelf on *Thee*, the only Center
Of all his hopes; Thy *David* knew the danger
To fall to th' hands of man, of *friend*, or *ſtranger*:
Thus *Davids* filiall hopes, being anchor'd faſt
On Gods known *Mercy*, wiſely choſe the laſt:
If thou wilt give me *Davids* heart, Ile voyce,
Great God, with *David*; and make *Davids* choice:
But ſtay, *dear Lord*, my tongue's too bold, too free
To ſpeak of choice, that merits all the *Three*.

28.

*On Mans unequall diviſion.*

LOrd, 'tis a common courſe; w'are apt and free
To take the beſt, and ſhare the worſt to thee:
We Fleet the *Mornings* for our own Deſign;
Perchance the Florten *Afternoons* are thine:
Thou giv'ſt us *ſilk*, we offer *Camels* hair,
Thy *Bleſſings* march ith' *Front*, our *thanks* ith' *Rear*

29.

## 29.
## *On Beggars.*

NO wonder that ſuch ſwarmes of *Beggars* lurk
In every ſtreet: 'T.s a worſe trade to work
Then beg: Yet ſome, if they can make but ſhift
To live, will think it ſcorn to thrive by gift;
Tis a brave mind; but yet no wiſe forecaſt,
It is but pride, and pride will ſtoop at laſt;
VVe all are *Beggars*, ſhould be ſo, at leaſt;
Alas! VVe cannot work: The very beſt
Our hands can doe, will not maintain to live;
VVe can but hold them up whilſt others give;
No ſhame for helpleſſe Man, to pray in aid;
Great *Sol'mon* ſcorn'd not to be *free o'th' Trade*;
He begg'd an *Almes* and bluſht not, for the *Boon*
He got, was treble fairer then his *Crown*;
No wonder that he thriv'd by begging, ſo,
He was both *Beggar*, and a *Chuſer* too.
O who would truſt to *Work*, that may obtain
The Suit he beggs, without or *ſweat*, or *pain*!
O what a Priviledge, great God have we:
That have the honour, but to begg of Thee!
Thou doſt not fright us with the tortring *whips*
Of *Beadles*; nor doſt anſwer our faint lips
VVith churliſh language; Lord, thou doſt not praiſe
The ſtricter *Statute* of laſt *Henries* daies:
Thou doſt not damp us with the empty voyce
Of *Nothing for yee*: If our clam'rous noyſe
Should chance t'importune, turn'ſt thy gracious eye
Upon our wants, and mak'ſt a quick ſupply:
Thou doſt not brand us with th' opprobrious name
Of idle *Vagabonds*: Thou know'ſt w'are *lame*,
And cannot work; Thou doſt not *Pharaoh* like,
Deny us *ſtraw*, and yet requir'ſt *brick*:

Thou

Thou can'ſt not hear us groan beneath our Taſk,
But freely giv'ſt, what we have *Faith* to ask,
The moſt for which my large deſire ſhall plead,
To ſerve the preſent's but a *loaf of* Bread,
Or but a *Token* (ev'n as Beggers uſe)
That, of thy love, will fill my ſlender *Cruſe*;
Lord, during life, ile beg no greater *Boon*,
If at my Death, thou'lt give me but a *Crown*

30.

*On the two Children.*

MY *Fleſh* and *Spirit*, Lord, are like thoſe pair
Of *Infants*, whoſe ſad Mothers did repair
To *Juſtice*: 1' one is *quick*; the other *dead*:
The two promiſcuous Parents that do plead
For the live Child is *Thee*, and *Satan*, Lord;
Both claim alike; Juſtice calls forth the *ſword*;
And ſeeing both, with equall tears, complain,
Proffers to cleave the children both in twain;
And make them equall ſharers in the ſame
That both do challenge, and what both diſclaim;
*Satan* applauds the motion, and replide;
Nor *thine*, nor *mine*, but let them both divide;
And give alike to both; But thou, dear Lord,
Diſlik'ſt the Juſtice of th'unequall *ſword*;
Rather then ſhare it *dead*, thou leav'ſt to ſtrive
And wilt not own't at all, if not *a live*;
The *ſwords* put up, and ſtraight condemns the other
To be the falſe; calls Thee, the *natural Mother*,
Lord of my Soul; It is but Satans wile,
To cheat thy boſome of thy *living Child*;
He'd have the queſtion by the *ſword* decided,
Knowing the Souls's but dead, if once *divided*;
My better part is thine, and thine alone;
Take thou the *Fleſh*, and let him gnaw the Bone.

3 C

## 31.
### *On two Mysteries.*

A Perfect *Virgin*, to bring forth a *Son!*
*One* three entire; and three intirely One!
VVonder of VVonders! How might all this come?
*We must be deaf, when the Holy Spirit's dumb;*
Spare to inquire it; Thou shalt never know,
Till *Heav'n* dissolve, and the last *Trump* shall blow.

## 32.
### *A form of Prayer.*

IF thou wouldst learn, not knowing how to pray,
Adde but a *Faith*, and say as *Beggers* say;
*Master, I'm poor, and blind, in great distresse;*
*Hungry and lame, and cold, and comfortlesse;*
*O, succour him, that's graveld on the Shelf*
*Of pain and want, and cannot help himself;*
*cast downe thine eye upon a wretch and take*
*Some pitty on me, for sweet Jesus sake:*
But hold! Take heed this Clause be not put in,
*I never begg'd before, nor will agin;*
Note this withall, That Beggers move their plaints
At all times *Ore tenus*, not by *Saints*.

## 33.
### *On* Solomon *and the Queen of* Sheba.

IT spreads? The sweet *perfume* of *Salomon's* Fame
Affects the *Easts*; And his Illustrious name
Cannot be hid? The unbeliev'd report
Must flie with Eagles wings to the honoured *Court*
Of princely *Sheba*: *Sheba* must not rest,
Untill her eyes become th' invited Guest.

Of

Of *Fames* loud Trumpet; her impatient ſtrives
With light-foot *Time*, while her Ambition drives
Her *Chariot-wheels*, and gives an ayrie paſſage
To th' quick deliv'ry of her hearts *Embaſſage*:
*True VViſdome planted in the hearts of Kings,*
*Needs no more glory then the glory it brings;*
*And like the Sun is view'd by her own light,*
*B'ing, by her own reflection, made more bright;*
The emulous *Queen's* arriv'd; *ſhee's* gon to th' *Court*
No eye-delighting *Maſque*? no Princely *ſport*,
To entertain her? No, her eye, her ear
Is taken up, and ſcornes to ſee, to hear
Inferiour things; Sh'allowes her ear, her eie
No leſſe then *Oracles*, and *Majeſtie*;
*How empty Paſtimes doe reſolve and flie*
*To their true nothing, when true wiſdome's by!*
Th'arriv'd *Queen* has *Audience*, moves, diſputes,
Wiſe *Solomon*, attends, replies, confutes;
*She* objects, *he* anſwers; ſhe afreſh propounds;
*She* proves, maintains it; *he* decides confounds;
*She* ſmiles, *ſhe* wonders, being overdaz'd
With his bright beams, ſtands *ſilent* ſtands amaz'd
*How Scripture-like* Apocrypha's *appear*
*To common Books! how poor when* Scripture's *near!*
The Queen is pleas'd, who never yet did know
The blaſt of *Fame* leſſe prodigall, then now;
For now the greateſt part of what ſhe knew
By fame is found the leaſt of what is true;
*we often finde that Fame, in prime of youth,*
*Does adde to Falſhood, and ſubſtract from Truth;*
The thankfull Queen does with a lib'rall hand,
Preſent him with the *Riches* of her Land;
*where wiſdome goes before, we often find*
*That temporall Bleſſings ſeldome ſtay behinde;*
Lord grant me *wiſdome*; and I ſhall poſſeſſe
Enough have *more*, or have content with *leſſe*.

33. On

## 33.
## *On* Rehoboam.

COuld dying Parents, at their peacefull death,
Make but a firm *Assurance*, or bequeath
Their living virtues; Could they recommend
Their *wisdome* to their heirs; Could *hearts* descend
Upon the bosome of succeeding Sons,
As well as *Scepters* doe; as well as *Thrones*;
Sure *Rehoboams* Reign had found increase
Of *Love*, and *Honour*, and had died in *Peace*:
Kingdomes are Transitory: *Scepters* goe
From hand, to hand; and *Crownes*, from brow to brow;
But *wisdome* marches on an other guize:
They'r two things, to be *worldly great* and *wise*;
It was the selfe same *Scepter* that came down
From *Solomon* to thee: The self same *Crown*,
That did inclose his Princely browes and thine;
The self same *flesh* and *blood*, the next o'th' Line;
The self same *people* were a live, to blesse
The prosprous dayes; but not the same *successe*:
Where rests the fault; what secret mischief can
*Un-same* thy peace? 'Twas not the self same *Man*.

## 34.
## *On the Prophet slain by the Lyon.*

IT Was not for malice, nor for want of *Food*,
The obvious *Lyon* shed this *Prophets* blood:
Where faithlesse man neglects the sacred *Law*
Of God, there beasts abate their servile *Aw*
To Man: When Man dares take a dispensation,
By sin, to frustrate the end of mans *Creation*,
The beasts oft-times by mans example doe
Renounce the end of their *Creation* too:

The

The *Prophet* must abstain: He was forbid,
He must not eat: and yet the *Prophet* did;
Th'obedient *Lyon* had command to shed
That *Prophets* blood, and see the *Prophet's* dead:
O, how corrupt's the nature of Mans *Will*,
That breaks those Laws which very *Beasts* fulfill!

35.
*On* Ahab.

HOw *Ahab* longs! *Ahab* must be possest
Of *Naboths Vineyard* or can find no rest:
His tongue must second his unlawfull eye:
*Ahab* must sue, and *Naboth* must denie:
*Ahab* grows sullen, he can eat no Bread;
His Body prostrates on his restlesse Bed:
*Unlawfull lust, immoderate often brings*
*A loathing in the use of lawfull things*:
*Ahabs* desire must not be withstood,
It must be purchas'd, though with *Naboths* blood;
*witnesse* must be suborn'd: *Naboth* must lie
Open to *Law*; must be condemn'd, and die;
His goods must be confiscate to the *Crown*,
Now *Ahab's* pleas'd; the *Vineyard's* now his own
*Unlawfull Pleasures, when they justle further*
*Then ordinary bounds, oft end in murther.*
Me thinks the Grapes that cluster from that *Vine*,
Should (being prest) afford more *Blood* than *Wi*

35.
*On* Rehoboam.

PEople have *Balances*, wherein to weigh
Their new crown'd *Princes*, which can soon bew
Their native worth: Some counterpoise th'allow;
Unhappie *Isre'l* had not weights enow,

o weigh thy *Fingers*; *Heads* can never rest
n peace, when their poor members are oppreſt;
ad thy unluckie *Fingers* weigh'd no more
hen thy light *Judgement*: had thy judgement bore
ut half the burthen of thy *Fingers* weight,
hou hadſt been proſp'rous, both in *Crown* and *State*;
he *Lyon's known by's Paw*; The people ſpends
heir Judgement of a Prince by's *Fingers ends*.

## 37.
## On *Leprous* Naaman.

THe *Leper*, prompted with his loathſome grief,
Seeks to the King of *Iſrael* for relief;
ut *Naamans* vain deſires could not thrive;
*ſrael's* no God; to *kill*, or *make alive*.
he *Moral Man is of too mean a Stature*,
*o reach his hand above the hand of* Nature;
he willing Prophet undertakes the *Cure*;
he *Leper* muſt goe *waſh*, and be ſecure
rom his *Diſeaſe*; He muſt goe paddle ſtraight
n *Iordans water*; 'Tis a fair *Receipt*;
nd why in *Jordan*? Have our *Syrian* ſtreames
eſſe pow'r then *Iſrels*? ſure the Prophet dreams;
*ow hard is it for Mortals to relie*
*n Faith! How apt is ſenſe, to queſtion, why?*
he *Cure* perplexes more then the *Diſeaſe*,
rophets preſcribe no better *meanes* then theſe?
look't his Ceremonious hand ſhould ſtroke
he *Place*; I look'd the Prophet ſhould invoke;
*me men would fain be clean, if God would ſtay*
*heir times, or would but cure them their own way*;
he techy *Leper* is diſpleas'd; hee'l hence;
he *Jordan Prophet* dallies againſt ſenſe;
wiſer ſervants urge their haſtie Lord,
*Jordans ſtreams*; He waſhes, is reſtord;

*How*

*How good a God have we, whose grace fulfills*
*Our choice desires oft-times against our wills!*
The *Leper's* cleans'd; And now he do's applaud
Not *Isi'els* streams alone, but *Isi'els God*:
The prophet must have thanks, and Gold beside;
The *thanks* are taken, but the *Gold's* deni'd;
*Who would not deal with Thee, that art not nice,*
*To sell such pen'worths at so small a price!*
*Naaman*, in lieu of his refus'd reward,
*Vowes*, the true God; provided, when his Lord
Shall serve i'th the house of *Rimmon*, if he bow
For fashion sake, he may secure his *Vow*;
*Some will not stick to lend their God a house,*
*Might they reserve one room for their own use*;
*Gehazi* thinks the Cure too cheap; He soon
Ore-takes the *Lepers Chariot*, asks a *Boon*
I'th' *Prophets* name; But mark what did befall;
He got his *Boon*, but got his plague withall;
*Unlawful gains are least, what they appear,*
*And ill got Gold is alwaies bought too dear*;
Lord, I did wash in *Jordan*, and was cur'd,
My *Flesh* that false *Gehazi*, hath procur'd
A sinful *purchase*, having over-run
The cleansed *Naaman* of my Soul; VVhat's done
By false *Gehazi* let *Gehazi* bear,
Let *Naamans Leprosie* alone stick there;
O, cleanse them both, or if that may not be,
Lord, strike *Gehazi*; and keep *Naaman* free.

## 38.
### *On Chamber-Christians.*

NO matter whether (some there be that say)
Or goe to *Church*, or stay at *home*, if pray;
*Smiths* dainty *Sermons* have in plenty stor'd me,
VVith better stuffe then *Pulpits* can afford me;

l me, why pray'ſt thou? Heav'n commanded to;
nor commanded to his *Temples* too?
all ſtore of manners! when thy Prince bids *come*,
d feaſt at *Court*; to ſay, I'*ve meat at home*.

## 39.
## *On the VViddows Cruſe.*

Ord, I'm in *debt*, and have not wherewithall
To pay; My *ſcore* is great, my *wealth* but ſmall,
*houſe* is poorly furniſht, and my *Food*
ender, I have nothing that is good;
d, if my waſted fortunes prove no better,
*Debt* is ev'n as deſp'rate as the *Debter*;
the relief thy ſervant this long while,
h had, is but a little *Cruſe* of *Oyle*.
ere's none will give of *Almes*; I neither get
ough to ſatisfie my *wants*, nor *debt*;
d, if thee pleaſe to ſhow the ſelfe ſame Art
on the ſlender *veſſel* of my Heart,
e *Prophet* did, upon the *VViddowes Cruſe*,
all have Oyle to ſell, have Oyle to *uſe*;
ſhall my *Debt* be paid, and I goe free;
debt is deſp'rate, in reſpect of Thee.

## 40.
## *On the ſwimming Axe*

He borrow'd *Axe* fell in; 'Twas loſt, lamented;
The *Prophet* mov'd, the *workman* diſcontented:
*ſtick* hewn down, and by the *Prophets* hand
own in, the *Axe* did float, and came aland;
why a *ſtick*? Had that the pow'r to call
*maſſie Iron* up? Sure, none at all;
*ſes* muſt uſe his *Rod*; *Moſes*, I doubt it,
been but lame, but impotent without it;

Nor

Nor could that *Rod* have scourged *Pharaos* Land
Had it been waved by an other hand;
God often works by *means*, and yet not so.
But that he can, as well without them, too:
God can save Man without the help of Man,
But will not; wills not always that he can;
Something is left for us; we must not lie
Ith' ditch, and cry, *and if we die, we die.*
We must not lie like *Blocks*, relying on
The workmans *Axe*; There's something must be d
The workmans *Axe* perchance had never bin
Recald again, if not the *stick* thrown in;
We must be doing, yet those deeds, as our,
Have no more native vertue, nay, lesse power
To save us, then that *stick* had, to recall
The *Axe* from the deep bottome of his Fall;
I will be doing, but repose in *Him*;
Throw I in *stick*; hee'l make my *Iron* swim.

## 41.

### *On Baals Priests.*

*Jehu's* crown'd King; *Jehu* the King must fall
To *Ahabs* gods; *Jehu* must worship *Baal*;
The gods divided people must go call
*Baals* sacred *Priests*; *Jehu* must worship *Baal*.
None must be left behind, they must come all;
*Jehu* must burn a Sacrifice to *Baal*.
The *Priests* come puffing in, both great and sma
Must wait on *Jehu*, that must worship *Baal*;
*Baals house* is fill'd and crowded to the wall
With people that are come to worship *Baal*.
What must there now be done? what Offring shal
Perfume *Baals nostrils*? ev'n the Priests of *Baal*
*Baals* holy *Temples* now become a *Stall*
Of Priestly flesh; of fleshly Priests for *Baal*;

ow would our Gospel flourish, if that all
inces, like *Jehu*, would but worship *Baal*.

42.

## *On the Tenpier.*

HOw dares thy *Bandog*, Lord, presume t' approach
Into the sacred presence? or incroach
on thy choice *possessions* to devour
y sporting *Lambs*? To counterfeit thy pow'r,
d to usurp thy *Kingdome*, ev'n as He
Were Lord, at least a *Substitute* to Thee;
Why do'st not rate him? why does he obtain
ch favour to have liberty of his *Chain*?
ve we not *Enemies* to counterbuffe,
ow? Is not the *Flesh*, the world enough
foil us? this *abroad*, and that at *home*
t must that *Satan*, must that *Bandog* come
affli& the *weak*, and take the *stronger* side?
, are there not enow, enow beside?
there not odds enough, when we have none
t mighty *Foes*, nay, *Rebels* of our own,
neath a false disguise of love and peace,
hat still betray us? Are not these, all these
fficient, to encounter and o'rethrow
oor sinfull Man; but must that *Bandog* too,
fault us, Lord? We dare not cast our eyes
ur timerous eyes to heav'n, we dare not rise
om off our aking knees, to plead our case,
When he can commune with thee *face* to *face*?
ay more, were it but possible to doe,
Would draw thee, Lord, to his bold *Faction* too.
ord, lend me but thy power to resist
What *Foes* thou send'st, and send what *Foes* thou list:
is thy *Battail*: If thou please to warm
y Blood, and find the strength, Ile find the *Arm*;

March

March thou i'th' *Front*, Ile follow in the *Rear*;
Come then ten thousand *Bandogs*, Ile not fear.

## 43.
## *On a Cypher.*

*Cyphers* to *Cyphers* added, seem to come
(VVith those that know not *Art*) to a great *sum*:
But such as skill in *Numeration* know,
That worlds of *Cyphers* are but worlds of *show*:
VVe stand those *Cyphers* ere since *Adams* fall,
VVe are but *show*; we are no *sum* at all:
Our bosome pleasures, and delights that doe
Appear so glorious, are but *Cyphers* too:
High-prized *honour*, *friends*, this *house*, the *tother*,
Are but one *Cypher* added to another:
Reckon by rules of *Art*, and tell me than,
How great is thy estate, Ingenious Man?
Lord, be my *Figure*, Then it shall be known
That I am *Something*: *Nothing* if alone:
I care not in what *place*, in what *degree*;
I doe not weigh how small my *Figure* bee:
But as I am, I have nor worth, nor *vigure*:
I am thy *Cypher*, O, be thou my *Figure*.

## 44.
## *On* Haman *and* Mordecai.

THe *King* would fain take rest, but thought den
To pay her nightly *Tribute* to his eyes:
The Persian *Chronicle* must be brought to set
His eyes in quiet till they'r paid the *debt*:
He turns the leaves; The first he lights upon,
Is the *true service Mordecai* had done:
*Heav'n often works his ends, at such a season,*
*when man has will to ban sos nse and Reason:*

His loyall service must be now recall'd
To blest rememberance; *Haman* must be cal'd
To Councell; question'd, but not know the thing
The King intends: he must advise the *King*,
What *Ceremony* must be us'd, what *Cost*,
What *Honour*, where the *King* shall honour most;
*Observe but in the Progresse of this Story*,
*How God turnes Factor for his Servants glory*:
*Haman* perswaded that such *honour* can
Fit none but him; ne'r questions, *who's the Man*;
His more ambitious thoughts are now providing
A *horse* of *State*, for his own Princely riding;
In brief; his Judgement is, That such a *One*,
Must lack no Honour, *but the Royall Throne*:
*How apt is Man to flatter his own heart!*
*How fair a Debter to his false desert!*
The *Royall-horse* is ready, all things fit,
That could be broach'd by a vain-glorious wit:
*Haman* expects his answer: His Ambition
Spurs on, wants nothing but his *large Commission*:
*Haman* must hast with all the speed he can,
And see it done: But *Mordecay's the man*:
*God often crowns his Servants, at their Cost*,
*That hate their persons, and disdain them most*:
Lord if thou please to make me but thine own,
I shall have *honour*, spight of *honours frown*.

## 45.

### *On* Jobs *Temptations.*

GOD questions *Satan*: Boasts his *Jobs* desert,
In the perfection of a *simple heart*.
His *Faith* was fervent; *Satan* was as chill
To yeeld it; but must yeeld against his will;
Condemnes it to be *servile*, to be bought
With *Gods* own coyn: *Does Job serve God for nought?*

*It is a common trick the Tempter uses,*
*The Faith he cannot conquer, he abuses.*
Alas, that *Faith* requires not so much praise,
'Tis a good *Faith*, as *Faiths* go now adaies:
It is not strengthen'd by thy indulgent hand,
That blest his *Labours*, and inricht his *Land*,
Puffe out the *Fire*; his Faith will quickly chill;
Satan puff thou; nay Satan puff thy will:
*Nor Ebbe nor Flood, of small, or great estate,*
*Are certain badges of Gods love or hate.*
What's now to do? Poor *Job* must be bereav'n
Of all his stronger *Herds*; *Fire*, sent from Heav'n
Must burn his fruitfull *flocks*, that none remain;
His *houses* fall, and all his *Children* slain;
And yet not curse? Alas, poore *Job* addresses
His thoughts to heav'n, he worships God and *bl*
*The lively Faith that can retain her God,*
*May groan, but seldome rave beneath the Rod.*
But what sayes *Satan* now? The *hedge* is broke,
That fenc'd my Servant *Job*: What further *Cloke*
For his uprightnesse hath he? what *pretence*
For his continued Love and Innocence?
Has not thy malice had her own desire?
'Twas foundly puff'd, thy *Puffs* have blown the *fi*
*Gods trials are like Bellowes; Satan's Blower,*
*Blowes out false Faiths, make true ones blaze the m*
True Lord; His *faith* is rough: But *Snailes* as well
Can thrive without, as live within their *Shell*:
To save a *life*, who would not loose some *Skin*?
Touch but his *Hornes*, O how hee'l draw them in!
*Satan* I give thy malice leave, be free
To peele the *bark*, but spare to touch the *Tree*,
*Feare not ye little flock: The greatest ill*
*Your Foes can doe's to scratch; They cannot kill.*
VVhat new sth' exploit? Afflicted *Job* does lie,
A very *Hospitall* of misery:

I thi

I think, that all the *Ulcers* that have bin
In *Ægypt* cur'd are broken out agin
In his distempered flesh; yet *Job* is still.
The very same, nor charg'd his God with ill:
*A Faith that lodges in a double Breast,*
*May stand the touch; none but true faiths, the Test:*
If these be *flames* poore man must swelter in,
He needs a *World* of patience, not to sin.

46.

On *bauling Curres*.

I Fear'd the world and I were too acquainted:
I hope my feares are, like her Joyes, but painted:
Had I not been a *stranger*, as I past,
Her bauling *Curres* had never bark'd so fast.

47.

On DAVID.

STands it with State, that Princely *David*, who
Did *weare* the *Crown*, should *play* the *Harper* too?
He playes and sings His glory ne'r disdaines
To dance and to receive a *Crown* for's paines:
It is no disparagement, 'tis no misprision
Of State, to play before the *Great Musician*.

48.

On ABRAHAM.

THe word is out; Poore *Abr'am* must be gon,
Must take his *Isaac*; take his onely Son;
The Son of his *Affection*; him, from whom,
From whose blest *loynes*, so many *Kings* must come,
Ev'n him must *Abraham*, say, *Abraham* must rise,
And offer *Isaac* a *burnt Sacrifice*.

*God scornes the Offals of our faint desires;*
*He gives the best, and he the best requires,*
*Abr'am* forbears to question; thinks not good
To reason, to advise with *Flesh* and *Blood*;
Begs not young *Isaacks* life, nor goes about
To object the *Law of Murther*; makes no doubt:
He rises, rises early; leads his Son:
Hasts where this holy *Slaughter* must be done:
*Where God bids* Goe, *that very Breath's a warrant;*
*we must not linger there; Haste crowns the arrant.*
His Servants must no further; They must stay;
*Private Devotion claimes a private way;*
They must abide with th' *Asse*, whilst th' aged Sire
Into one hand takes the *Knife*; in t' other *Fire*;
The sacred *Wood* of *Offering* must be pil'd
On the young shoulders of th' obedient *Child*:
*O here mine eye must spend a tear to see*
*Thee bear that wood great God, that since, bore Thee.*
Mistrustlesse *Isaack* seeing the *Wood*, the *fire*,
The *sacrificing Knife*, begins t' enquire,
*But where's the sacred Lamb that must be slain?*
Resolved *Abr'am* (lest the *flesh* should gain
Too much of *Nature*) sayes not, *Thou my Son*
*Art he*, but, *The almighty will provide us one;*
*where God commands, 'tis not enough t' effect,*
*But we must baulk th' occasion of neglect.*
The faithfull *Abr'am* now erects an *Altar*;
Orders the *wood*, what tongue can chuse but falter,
To tell the rest? He layes his hands upon
His wandering *Isaack* bindes his onely *Son*.
He layes him down, unsheath's his Priestly *Knife*,
Up heaves his arms, to take his *Isaacks* life;
*True faith is active, Covets to proceed*
*From thought to action; and from will to deed*
Before the strengthned stroke had time to fall,
A sudden voice from heav'n cries *hold*; *Recall*

Th

*Thy threatning Arm, and sheath thy holy Knife,*
*Thy Faith has answered for thy Isaack's life;*
*Touch not the Child; thy Faith is throughly shown,*
*That has not spar'd thine own, thine only Son:*
How easie is our God, and liberall, who
Counts it as done, what we have will to doe!

## 49.
## *On* Censorio.

*Censorio* takes in hand, by sharp reproof
To mend his brothers error, and to snuff
His darkned Flame; and yet *Censorio's* crimes
Are rankt among the foulest of the Times:
Let none presume, *Censorio*, to controule
Or top the dim *light* of an others Soule,
If not more pure than him that is controll'd:
*Temple snuffers must be perfect gold.*

## 50.
## *On* Mordecay *and* Haman.

TVVo *Steeds* appointed were by *Hamans* hand;
The one at *Grasse*; the other *Steed* did stand
In *Persia's Mues*: The former was providing
For *Mordecay*: the last for *Hamans* riding:
But since, in order, last things prove the worst,
*Hamans* ambition drove him to the First;
But see, proud *Hamans* prouder *Steed* did cast
His glorious rider, whilst the *Jew* sits fast.
VVhat matter *Haman? Fortune*, though no Friend
Of thine first, brought thee to thy *Journeys end.*

51.

*On three Fools.*

THe VViseman sayes, *It is a wise mans part,*
*To keep his tongue close pris'ner in his heart;*
If he be then a Fool, whose thoughts denies,
*There is a God*, how desp'rately unwise,
How more then Fool is he, whose language shall
Proclaime in publike, *There's no God at all!*
VVhat then are they, nay Fools, in what degree,
VVhose actions shall maintain't, *Such Fools are we.*

52.

*On miserable Man.*

ADam the highest pitch of perfect Nature,
And lively Image of his great *Creator*,
Declin'd his God, and by one sinfull *Deed*,
Destroy'd himself, and ruin'd all his *seed*:
How wretched then, how desprate's our condition,
VVhose ev'ry minute makes a repetition
Of greater sins, against both light of *Nature*,
And *Grace*, against *Creation* and *Creator*!
Alas! we claim not by *descent* alone,
But adde by hourly purchase of our own:
There is no *breach* of Loyaltie, no *sin*
VVe are imperfect, and unpractis'd in;
Shall not a world of *sins* bring ruine then
To *One*; when one *sin* slew a world of men?

53.

*On mans two Enemies.*

TVVo potent Enemies attend on Man,
T'*one's* fat and plump, The *other* lean and wan;
T'*one*

T'one faunes and smiles, The other weeps as fast;
The first *Presumption* is, *Despair* the last;
*That* feeds upon the *bounty* of full treasure,
Brings jolly news of *Peace*, and lasting *pleasure*;
*This* feeds on *want*, unapt to entertain
Gods *blessings*; Finds them ever in the *main*:
Their *Maximes* disagree, but their *Conclusion*;
Is the self same: Both jump in Mans *Confusion*;
Lord, keep me from the *first*, or else I shall
Sore up and melt my waxen wings and fall;
Lord keep the *second* from me; lest I then,
Sink down so low, I never rise agen;
Teach me to know my self, and what I am,
And my *Presumption* will be turnd to *shame*;
Give me true *Faith*, to know thy dying Son,
What Ground has then despaire to work upon?
T'avoid my shipwrack upon either *Shelf*,
O, teach me, Lord, to know my *God*, my *self*.

## 54.
## *On Queen* Esther.

ILlustrious *Princesse*, had thy chance not been
To be a *Captive*, thou hadst bin no *Queen*:
Such is the *Fortune*, our *Misfortune* brings;
Had we not first been *slaves*, w'ad ne'r been *Kings*.

## 55.
## *On Slanders.*

HAve sland'rous tongues been busie to defame
The precious *Ointment* of my better name?
Or hath censorious baseneſſe gone about
With her rude blast to puff my *Taper* out?
They have; And let their full mouth'd *bellows* puff:
It is their *Breath* that stinks, and not my *Snuffe*.

I, let them snarl and burst, that I may smile;
Doe, let them jerk, and I will laugh the while:
They cannot strike beyond my patience, No,
Ile bear, and take it for an *Honour* too;
The height that my *ambition* shall fly,
Is onely to deserve their *Calumny*;
O what a judgement 't were, if such as they
Should but allow my *Actions*, and betray
My' endangered *name*, by their maligne applause,
To good *Opinion*, that were a just Cause
Of *Grief* indeed! but to be made the Story
Of such base tongues, it is my *Crown*, my *Glory*.
I; let them spend their dust against the wind;
And bark against the *Moon*, till they be blind,
And weary; Let their malice not forbear
To baule at *Innocence*, to wound and tear
An absent name, whilst their unhallowed tongues
Makes me a glorious *Martyr* in their wrongs;
I beg no Favour: Nay, my hearts desire
Is still to be *calcin'd* by such a fire,
That, in conclusion, all men may behold
A fair gilt *Counter* from a *Crown of Gold*.
Great God, I care not this; how foule I seem
To *Man*, may I be fair in thy *esteem*:
It matters not how *light* I seem to be
To the base world, so I be *weight* to thee.

56.

*On* Nebuchadnezzar.

WHat luckless accident hath bred such ods
Betwixt great *Babels Monarch*, and his *God*
That they so oft disturb him, and affright
His broken slumbers with the *Dreams* of night!
Alas, what hath this Princely *Dreamer* done,
That he must quit the *Glory* of his Throne,

His Royall *Scepter*, his Imperiall *Crown*?
Muſt be expeld his *Honour*, and come down
Below the meaneſt *Slave*, and for a ſeaſon,
Be baniſh'd from the uſe, the Act of *Reaſon*?
Muſt be exil'd from *humane ſhape*, and chew
The cudde, and muſt be moiſtned with the dew
Of Heav'n; nay, differ in no other thing
From the bruit beaſts, but that *he was a King*?
What ayle thy gods, that they are turn'd ſo rough
So full of rage? VVhat had they meat enough
To fill their *golden* ſtomacks? VVas thy knee
Bent oft enough? VVhat might the reaſon be?
Alas, poor harmleſſe things! it was not they,
'Twas not their wills; I dare be bold to ſay,
They knew it not; It was not they that did it;
They had no power to *act*, or to *forbid it*:
Deſerv'ſt thou not great King, the ſtile of *Beaſt*,
To ſerve ſuch Gods, whoſe Deities can digeſt
Their ſervants open wrongs that could diſpenſe
VVith what they 'ndure, without the leaſt offence?
Illuſtrious *Beaſt*, me thinks thy better'd ſtate,
Has no great reaſon to complain of *Fate*:
Thou art more near to him thou did'ſt adore,
By one *degree*, than ere thou wert before:
'Tis ſome promotion; that there is leſſe ods
Betwixt thy *Nature*, and thy *ſenſleſſe gods*.

57.

*On* PARTIO.

HAſt thou forſaken all thy *Sins*, but One;
Believe it *Partio*, th' aſt forſaken none.

58.

*On Ignorance.*

THe greatest *Friend* Religion hath t'advance
Her glory, is unaffected *Ignorance*;
The burning *Taper* lends the fairest light,
And shines most glorious, in the *shades of night.*

59.

*On a great Battell*

WHen my rebellious *Flesh* doth disagree
With my resisting *Spirit*, me thinks I see
Two mighty princes draw into the *Field*,
Where one must win the *Day*, the other, yield;
They both prepare, Both strike up their *Alarms*;
Both march; Both well appointed in their *Armes*,
They both advance their *Banners*; T'one displayes
A *bloudie Crosse*; The other Colours blaze
*A Globe terrestriall*: *Nature* carries one,
And *Grace the other*: Each by 's *Ensign's* known;
They meet incounter, *blowes* exchange for *blowes*;
Dart is return'd for Dart: They grapple, close;
Their Fortune's hurried with unequall *Sails*;
Sometimes the *Crosse*, sometimes the *Globe* prevailes
We are that *Field*; And they that strive to win us,
Are *God* and *Satan*: Those, that war within us
The *Flesh* the *Spirit*: No parting of the *Fray*,
Till one shall win; the other loose the *Day*:
My God, O weaken this rebellious *Flesh*,
That dares oppose; O, quicken and refresh
My dull and coward *Spirit*, that would yeeld,
And make proud Satan *Master of the Field*: (good
Dear Lord, the *Field's* thine own; thou thought'st it
To purchase with my dying Saviours *Bloud*,

'Tis thine Great God, by *title*, and by *right*;
VVhy should thou question, what's thy own by sight?
Lord, keep possession thou, and let th' accurst
And base *Usurper* doe his best, his worst.

60.
*On the world.*

THe VVorld's an *Inne*; And I, her *Guest*,
I eat, I drink, I take my rest:
My *Hostesse* Nature, does deny me
Nothing wherewith she can supply me:
VVhere having stayd a while, I pay
Her *lavish Bills*, and go my way.

61.
*On the Sabbath.*

AVVay my *thoughts*, A way my *words*, my *deeds*;
A way, what ever nourishes and feeds
My fraile *delights*: Presume not to approach
Into my presence; dare not once t' encroach
Upon the hallowed *Temple* of my Soule;
Yee are not for this *Day*, y' are all too foule:
Abide ye with the *Asse*, till I go yonder,
And cleave the *Isaack* of my heart in sunder:
I must go sacrifice, I must go pray,
I must performe my holy *vowes* to day;
Tempt not my tender *frailty*: I enjoyne
Your needfull absence; y' are no longer mine;
But if it may not be, that we must sever
Our yoakt affections, and not part for ever;
Yet give me leave, without offence, to borrow,
At least, this day, although we meet to *morrow*.

62.

On Prayer.

IN all our Prayers, th' Almighty do's regard
The judgment of the *Ballance*, not the *Yard*:
He loves not *words* but *matter*, 'Tis his pleasure
To buy his Wares by *weight*, and not by *Measure*.

63.

On FIDO.

FIndst thou no comfort in this fickle *Earth*,
No joy at all? No *object* for thy Mirth?
Nothing but *Sorrow*? Nothing else but *toile*?
VVhat, do thy dayes shew nothing worth a *smile*?
Do worldly pleasures no contentment give:
Content thee, *Fido*. Th'ast not long to live.

64.

On Chariſſa.

WOuldst thou, *Chariſſa*, wish thy *fortunes* better
Than, by thy *act*, to make thy *God* thy *debter*?
Ile teach thee how to doe't; *Relieve the poore*;
And thou mayst safely set it on Gods *score*.

65.

On Raymond Sebund.

I VVonder, *Raymond*, thy illustrious *wit*,
Strengthned with so much *learning*, could commit
So great a Folly, as to go about,
By Natures feeble *light*, to blazen out,
Such Heav'n bred *myst'ries*, which the hearts of men
Cannot conceive, much lesse the darkned *Pen*

Expresse,

Excesse, such secrets, at whose depth, the *Quire*
Of blessed Angels tremble, and admire;
Could thy vain-glory lend no easier task
To thy sublime *Attempt*, then to us mask
The glorious *Trinitie*, whose Tri-une *face*
VVas ne'r discovered by the eye of *grace*,
Much lesse by th' eye of *Nature* being a storie
Objected only to the Eye of *Glory*?
Put out thy light, bold *Raymond*, and be wise;
Silence thy tongue, and close thy ambitious eyes.
Such *heights* as these, are Subjects far more fit.
For holy *Admiration*, then for *wit*.

66.

*On Sins.*

MY Sins are like the *hairs* upon my head,
And raise their *Audit* to as high a score,
In this they differ; These do daily shed,
But, ah! my *sins* grow daily more and more;
If by my *hairs* thou number out my *sins*,
Heav'n make me *bald*, before that day begins.

67.

*On the Gospell.*

OUr *Gospel* thrives the more by forraign *Jars*;
It overcomes in outward *opposition*.
But O, it suffers still in civill VVars,
And loses Honour by a *home division*;
If thou assist, I care not, Lord, with whom
I war *abroad*, so I have peace *at home*.

68.

68.

*On the dayes of Man.*

LOrd, if our dayes be *few*, why do we ſpend
And laviſh them unto ſo evill an end?
Lord, if our dayes be evill, why doe we wrong
Our ſelves, and Thee, to wiſh our *Day* ſo long?
Our *dayes* decreaſe; but ſtill our *evils* renew.
Great God, we make them *evill*; Thou mak'ſt them
(few

69.

*On Sins.*

MY Sins are like the *Sands* upon the ſhore;
VVhich every *Ebbe* layes open to the Eye;
In this they differ; *Theſe* are cover'd ore
VVith ev'ry *Flood*; My *ſins* ſhall open lie;
If thou wilt make mine eyes a *Sea of teares*,
O, they will hide the ſins of all my *yeares*.

70.

*On* Cain *and* David.

THeir Sins were equall; Equall, was their guilt
They both committed *Homicide*, both ſpilt
Their brothers guiltleſſe blood: Nay, of the twain,
The firſt occaſion was leſſe foul in *Cain*:
'Twas likely *Cains* Murther was in *heat*
Of blood; There was no former *grudge*, no *threat*;
But *Davids* was a *Plot*; He took the life
Of poor *Uriah*, to enjoy his *wife*:
VVas juſtice equall? VVas her *Ballance* ev'n?
VVhen *Cain* was puniſht; *David* was *forgiven*:
Both came to tryall: But good *David* did
*confeſſe* that Sin, which curſed *Cain* had hid:

*Cain* bewail'd the punishment; wherein
His Sin had plung'd him *David* wailes his *Sin*:
I lament my *sins*, Thou wilt forbear
To *punish*, Lord; or give me strength, to bear.

71.
*On* Plausus.

*Plausus* of late hath rais'd an *Hospitall*,
Repair'd a *Church*, Founded a *Colledge-Hall*:
*Plausus* hath built an holy *Temple*; vow'd it
To God: Erects a *School*, and has endow'd it:
*Plausus* hath given, through his abundant pittie,
A *Spittle* to the blind and lame o'th' Citie:
*Plausus* allows a *Table* for the poor
O'th' Parish; besides those, he feeds at door:
*Plausus* relieves the *Prisons*; Mends the *wayes*,
Maintains a *Lecture* on the *Market dayes*:
*Plausus* in brief, for bounrie beares the *Bell*;
*Plausus* hath done much *Good*; but nothing, *well*.

72.
*On Sins.*

MY Sins are like the *Stars*, within the skies;
In view, in number, even as bright, as great,
In this they differ: *Those* doe set and rise,
But ah! my Sins doe *rise*, but never *set*.
Shine *Sun of Glory*, and my *sins* are gon,
Like twinkling *Stars*, before the rising *Sun*.

73.
*On change of weather.*

AND were it for thy profit, to obtain
All *Sun-shine*? No vicissitude of *Rain*?

Thinke

Think'ſt thou that thy laborious *Plough* requires
Not Winter *froſts*, as well as Summer *fires*?
There muſt be both: Sometimes theſe hearts of ours
Muſt have the ſweet, the ſeaſonable ſhowres
Of *teares*; Sometimes the Froſt of *chill deſpair*,
Makes our deſired *Sun-ſhine* ſeem more *fair*:
*weaters* that moſt oppoſe to Fleſh and Blood,
Are ſuch as help to make our *Harveſt* good:
We may not chooſe, great *God*, it is thy *Task*:
We know not what to *have*, nor how to *aſk*.

74.

*Of* PROSPER.

TAke heed thou proſp'rous *ſinner*, how thou liv'ſt
In Sin, and thriv'ſt;
Thou that do'ſt flouriſh in thy *heaps of Gold*,
And ſums untold;
Thou, that hadſt never reaſon to complain
Of *Croſſe* or *Pain*;
Whoſe unafflicted *Conſcience* never found
Nor *check*, nor *wound*.
Believe it, *Proſper*, thy deceitfull Leaſe
Allowes thee neither *wealth*, nor *Joy*, nor *Peace*.
Thy golden *heaps* are nothing but the price
Of *Paradiſe*;
Thy *Flattering* pleaſures, and thy ayrie *joyes*
But painted *Toyes*;
Thy peacefull Conſcience is but like a *Dog*,
Tyed in a *clog*.
Believe it, *Proſper*, thy deceitfull Leaſe
Allowes thee neither *wealth*, nor *Joy*, nor *Peace*.
Thy *heaps* of Gold will ſtand thee in no ſteed,
At greateſt need;
Thy *Empty* Pleaſures will convert thy laughter,
To *groans* hereafter;

Thy

Thy silent *conscience*, when inlarg'd will roar,
And rage the more.
Believe it, *Prosper*, thy deceitfull Lease
Affords thee neither *wealth*, nor *Joy*, nor *Peace*.

## 75.
### *On the sight of a Plague Bill.*

*Five thousand in a week*, in one poor City:
Because it was thy *Pleasure*, 'twas no pity,
Why should'st thou pity us, just God, when we
Could never find a time to pity thee?
Thou never strik'st without a reason why,
Nor often, then: We easily cast our eye
Upon the *punishment*, but blind to th' *sin*,
That far transcends the *judgment* it cals in;
O, if the weekly *bills* of our Transgression
Could but appear and make as deep impression
In our sad hearts, to make our hearts but know
As great a sorrow, as our *Plague bills* doe,
No doubt, no doubt, but Heavens avenging hand
Would turn a Stranger to our prosp'rous Land.
O, if that a weekly *Catalogue* of Sin
Could with our City *Bills*, be brought but in,
And be compar'd, weed think our *Bills* not high,
But rather wonder there are men, to *die*.

## 76.
### *On Theaters.*

Six *dayes* were made for *work*, the seventh, for *rest*;
I read of none, that heav'n ordain'd for *Play*,
How have our looser *theaters* transgrest
The *Decalogue*, that make it ev'ry *Day*? (shame,
Me thinks that they should change their trade for
Or honour't with a laborious name.

77. *On*

77.

*On Players and Ballad-mungers.*

OUr *merry* Ballads, and *lascivious* Playes
Are much alike: To common censure both
Doe stand or fall; T' one *sings*; the other *sayes*;
And both are *Fripp'ries* of an other froth:
In short; their *Priests* and *Clarkes* of *Belials* Quire;
T' one makes the *Sermon*; t' other tunes the *Psalme*.

78.

*On God and the King.*

OUr *God* and *Prince* (whom God for ever blesse)
Are both in *Mercy*, of a *Constitution*:
Both slow, till meer necessity shall presse,
To put their *penall Lawes* in Execution:
And mark how in a like successe they joyn;
At both we *grumble*; and at both *repine*.

79.

*On the life and death of man.*

THe life of Man is but th' imperfect Story
Of his *Adventure* towards future Glory
For *death* to finish: VVho will stick to say,
A glorious *Ev'n* foretells a glorious *Day*.

80.

*On* FOX.

THere was a time, (woe-worth that heavy time)
VVhen fav'rous *Foxes* did devour the prime,
And choice of all our *Lambs*: But Heav'n did raise
A more ingenious FOX, in after dayes,

VVhose

Whose high immortall *Pen* redeem'd their breath,
And made those *Lambs* revive in spight of death
To see how mutuall Saintly favours bee!
Thou gav'st them life, that now give life to thee.

81.

*On the Book of Common-Pray'r.*

THe Book of *Common-Pray'r* excells the rest;
For *Pray'rs* that are most *Common*, are the best.

82.

*To Mundane.*

WOuldst thou *Mundane*, prove too great, too strong
For peevish *Fortunes* angry brow to wrong?
Renounce her power; Banish *Fortune* hence,
And trust thee to the hands of *Providence*:
The poorest heart that ever did importune
Heav'ns aid, is far above the frowns of *Fortune*.

83.

*On Romes sacrifices.*

IT cannot be excus'd; *It* is a wrong
Proceeding from a too too partiall tongue,
To say, The profer'd service of false *Rome*
Had no good saviour, and did never come
To th' *gates* of Heaven, Fie! poor *Rome's* belyed;
For when our *Troopes* of glorious Martyrs dy'd;
In that warm *age*, who were their *Priests*? By whom
Was their bloudshed? was't not by holy *Rome*?
Such sweet *perfumes*, I dare be bold to say,
*Rome* never burnt before, nor since that *day*:
A sweeter *incense*, save his *dying Son*,
Heav'n ne'r accepted since this world begun.

84. On

84.

*On a dead Man.*

IT is a common use to entertain
The knowledge of a great man by his *Train*;
How great's the *dead man* then? there's none that has
So backt with troops of *Followers*, as He.

85.

*On Corner Sinners.*

Such men are like to *Owles*; They take delight,
To make the night their *day*, their *day* the night;
They have the *Sun*, and love darke corners best;
But they shall howl, when *day-birds* are at rest.

86.

*On the Kite.*

MArk but the soaring *Kite*, and he will read
Brave *rules* for *Diet*, teach thee how to feed;
She flies aloft; She spreads her ayrie plumes
Above the reach, above the nautious fumes
Of dang'rous *earth*; She makes her self a stranger
T' inferiour things, and checks at ev'ry *danger*:
At length; she stoops, and with a brave disdain
She strikes her *Prey*, and mounts her up again;
By her example learn to use the earth,
And thou shalt find lesse *mischief*, and more *mirth*.

87.

*On* FORMIO.

FOrmio bewailes his *sins* with the same heart,
As *Friends* to *Friends*, when they'r about to part
Belie-

Beleeve it, *Formio* will not entertain
*A merry thought*, untill they meet again.

88.

*On bosome sins.*

HOw looth is *Flesh* to yeeld! the *Spirit* to win
The glorious Conquest of a *Bosome sin*!
O, how the ingenious *flesh* will plead! abuse
The height of *wit*, to argue, or excuse!
At length, it yeelds; O, give it leave to stay
A year, a moneth, a week, at least, a day;
And if not so, yet let my breaking heart
But hug it once or twice before we part;
Let me but take my leave, my thoughts shall bind me
From the least touch; let me but look behinde me;
Nay sin, *Gehazi-like*, will have a blow
At cleansed *Naamans bounty*, ere she goe.

89.

*On the Eccho.*

AN *Eccho's* nothing but a forc'd rebound,
Or airy repercussion of a *sound*,
Proceeding from some *hollow place*; well known
To have no *Bulk*, no *Being* of her own.
It is no *substance*, nothing, but a *Noise*,
*An emptie sound*, the *picture* of a voice,
Such is my *CourtlyFriend*, at my request
Hee'l breath his service from his hollow brest,
And *Eccho like* for every word that's blown
Into his eares, returnes me *two* for *one*,
But when they come to th' Test, alas they're found
More light then *Ayre*, meer shadows of a Sound,
I trust my God, His bounty still affords
*As many deeds*, as my false Friends do *words*.

90. On

90.
*On a Water-Mill.*

THe formall Christian's like a *Water-mill*;
Untill the *Floodgate's* open, he lies still:
He cannot work at all; he cannot dream
Of going, till his wheeles shall finde the *stream*

91.
*On* Paul *and* Apollos.

THis not, what this man, or what that man saith,
Brings the least *stone* to th' building of my faith.
My ear may ramble, but my *conscience* follows
No man: I'me neither *Pauls*, nor yet *Apollo's*:
When Scripture *gold* lies by me, is it just
To take up my Salvation upon *Trust*?
My Faith shall be confin'd to no mans *Lists*,
Ile onely follow *Paul*, as *Paul* is *Christs*.

92.
*On* Morus.

IF a poor timorous *Hare* but crosse the way,
*Morus* will keep his chamber all the day;
What *Evill* portends it, *Morus*? It does show,
That *Morus is not wise*, for thinking so.
But *Morus* keeps his *Chamber*: There will be,
*Morus*, one Fool the lesse abroad by *Thee*.

93.
*On some* Faiths.

SOme Faiths are like those *Mills* that cannot grind
Their *Corne*, unlesse they work against the *wind*.

94. *On*

## 94.
## *On the Temporizer.*

HE seemes to be a *Man of war*, His sayle
Being fill'd and prosper'd with a fore righ *Gale*
Makes speedie way; and, with her *Keel* divides
The sparkling furrows of the swelling *Tides*;
Or if the wind should slack, or cease to blow,
Can make a shift to tide it too and fro:
But if it prove a *Storm*, or the wind crosse,
His wavering *Bottome* soon begins to tosse
Upon the troubled *waves* without regard
Of either *steer*, or yet the *Sea-mans Card*:
His prouder courage, quails, and the rough weather
Transports his wandring *keel*, he knowes not whether;
Till after many a ruine threatning knock,
Hee's overwhelm'd or split upon a *Rock*.

## 95.
## *On our Sinnes.*

IT is an Error ev'n as *foul* to call
Our sins too *great* for pardon, as too *small*.

## 96.
## *On the Hypocrite.*

HEe's like a *Christmas Candle*, whose good name
Crownes his fair actions with a glorious *flame*:
Burns clear & bright, & leaves no ground for doubt
To question, but he stinks a going out;
When Death puffs out his *Flame*, the snuff will tell
If he were *Wax* or *Follow*, by the smell.

97.

On Secret-mungers.

HE, that at *Secrets* shall compose his aim,
Is like the *Flie* that sports above the Flame;
He never leaves to buzze, untill he brings
*Himself* to ruine or at least, his *wings*:
And like a desp'rate *Flie*, though he has bin
Once scorcht, he'l venture at the *Flame* agin.

98.

On a Flie.

THe Sun-delighting *Flie* repairs, at first
To the full *Cup*, onely to quench her thirst;
But, oftentimes, she sports about the *Brink*,
And sips so long till she be drownd in *drink*:
When wanton leasure shall resent thine eye
With lavish Cups, *Remember but the Flie*.

99.

On Scripture and Apocrypha.

WHen as the *Scripture* opens to mine eyes,
I see my Lord in's *Bed*: But when I meet
Th' *Apocrypha* at th' end, me thinks it lyes,
Like his well count'nanced *Page*, at the *Beds-feet*;
Who wears his Lords *old clothes*, made less, & says
His own *Inventions*, in his Masters *Phrase*.

100.

To my BOOK.

HEre comes a Critick, *close thy Page*;
Thou art no Subject *for this Age*:

And

*And Cenſure, oftentimes, yet know,*
*Will ſtrike the* Dove, *and ſpare the* Crow: ]
*But hold; thy Guilt does not require*
*That thou ſhouldſt lurk, or yet retire;*
*Be open as the* Eye of Noon:
*And let dogs bark againſt the* Moon;
*Thou haſt no Luſter of thy owne,*
*But what's deriv'd from heav'n alone.*
*Fear not: Thy Heav'n inſtructed* Page,
*Will either* pleaſe, *or* teach *the Age.*

## The End of the Second *Book.*

# DIVINE FANCIES:

## The Third Book.

### 1.

### *On old wine and new.*

OLd crazie *Casks* are not design'd to hold
*New wines*, nor yet new Vessels, for the *Old*;
*Old* must, with *old*, & *new*, with *new* be fill'd:
Else will the vessels *break*, & wine be *spill'd*.
These empty *Vessels* are thy heart and mine:
The *Law* and *Gospel* represents the VVine:
The new's the *Spirit*, and the old's the *Letter*;
With reverence to the Text, *the new's the better*.

### 2.

### *On* Zacharias *and the blessed Virgin.*

His tongue requir'd a *Sign*, which might afford
A clearer *Evidence*, then th' Angels word;
And had it too: Untill those things shall come
To passe, his faithlesse lips are stricken *dumb*
The blessed *Virgin*, at her *Salutation*,
Seem'd even as *faithlesse*, on the self-same fashion;

*Her* lips reply'd, *And how can theſe things be?*
*Hard* juſtice! VVhy *he* puniſh'd, and not *ſhee?*
The Reaſon's eaſie to be riddeld out;
*Hers* was the voice of *wonder*; *His*, of *doubt.*

3.

*On a Picture.*

SOme *Pictures*, with a fore-right eye, if ſeen,
Preſent unto the view ſome beauteous Queen;
But ſtep a ſide, and it objects the ſhape,
On this ſide, of an *Owl*; on that, an *Ape*:
Look full upon the VVorld, It proves the Story,
And beauteous *Picture* of th' Almighties Glory,
But if thy change of Poſture lead thy ſight
From the full view, to th' *left hand*, or the right,
It offers to thine eie but painted *Toyes*,
Poore *Antike pleaſures*, and *deceitfull Joyes.*

4.

*On* Servio.

*Servio's* in *Law*: If *Servio* cannot pay
His *Lawyers Fee*, *Servio* may looſe the *day*;
No wonder, formall *Servio* does trudge
So oft to Church: *He* goes to *bribe* his Judge.

5.

*On* Peters *Cock.*

THe Cock crow'd *once*, and *Peters* careleſſe eare
Could hear it, but his eye not ſpend a tear:
The Cock crow'd *twice*, *Peter* began to creep
To th' *Fire* ſide, but *Peter* could not weep:
The Cock crow'd *thrice*, Our Saviour turn'd about,
And look'd on *Peter*; Now his tears burſt out:

'Twa

'Twas not the *Cock*, It was our Saviours *Eye*;
Till he shall give us *tears*, we cannot *cry*.

6.

*On* Ambidexter.

GOd keep my *Goods*, my *Name*, they never fall
Into the *Net* of *Ambidexters* Lawes,
But for a *Cause*, he seldome prayes at all;
But curses, evermore, without a *Cause*:
I'de rather have his *Curses* all the day,
Then give his Conscience the least cause to *pray*.

7.

*On* Lazarus, *the Damosell, and a Sinner.*

*Laz'rus come forth*: VVhy could not *Laz'rus* plead
I cannot come, great God, for I am dead?
*Dam'sell arise?* VVhen *death* had clos'd her eyes,
VVhat power had the *Dam'sell* to arise?
*Sinner repent?* Can we as dead, in sin,
As *Laz'rus*, or the *Dam'sell*, live agin?
Admit we could, could we appoint the hour?
The *Voice* that calls, gives, and gives then the power.

8.

*On Sin.*

HOw, how am *I* deceiv'd! I thought my bed
Had entertain'd a fair, a beautious *Bride*:
O, how were my believing thoughts misled
To a false *Beauty*, lying by my side!
Sweet were her *Kisses*, full of choice delight;
My Fancie found no difference in the *night*.
I thought they were true *Joyes*, that thus had led
My darkned Soul, but they were false *Alarms*;

I thought I'd had fair *Rachel* in my Bed,
But I had blear-ey'd *Leah* in my armes;
How seeming sweet is *Sin*, when cloth'd with night?
But when discover'd, what a *loath'd* delight!

9.

*On Repentance.*

'Tis not, to *cry God mercy*, or to sit
And droop; or to confesse that thou hast fail'd;
'Tis, to bewail the sins, thou didst commit;
And not commit those sins, thou hast bewail'd:
He that bewailes, and not forsakes them too,
Confesses rather, what he meanes to doe.

10.

*On Man.*

MAn is a moving *Limbeck*, to distill
Sweet smelling waters wherewithall to fill
Gods empty *Bottle*; Lord, doe thou inspire
Thy quick'ning *spirit*, put in thy sacred *Fire*;
And then mine eyes shall never cease to drop,
Till they have brimm'd thy *Bottle* to the Top:
I can doe nothing, Lord, till thou inspire;
I'm a cold *Limbeck*, but expecting *Fire*.

11.

*On the pouring out of our hearts.*

'Tis easie to *pour in*; But few I doubt
Attain that curious Art, of *pouring out*;
Some pour their hearts, like *oyle*, that there resides
An unctuous substance still about the sides:
Others like *wine*, which though the *substance* passe,
Does leave a kinde of *savour* in the Glasse;

Some

Some pour their *hearts* like *Milke*, whose *blew* distaine
Though neither *substance*, nor the *sent* remains:
How shall we pour them then, that *smell*, nor *matter*,
Nor *colour* stay? *Pour out your hearts like water.*

12.

## On Friends.

GOd shield me from those Friends, I *trust*; and be
My firm defence from such, as *trust not* Thee.

13.

## On the Hypocrite.

HEe's like a *Bul-rush*; seemes so smooth, that not
The eye of *Cato* can descry a knot:
Pill but the *barke*, and strip his smoother skin
And thou shalt finde him spungie all within:
His brows are alwaies ponderous as Lead,
He ever droops, and hangs his *velvet* head:
He washes often, but if thou enquire
Into his depth, his roots are fixt in *mire*.

14.

## On Servio.

SErvio would thrive, and therefore do's obay
Gods Law, and shuts up shop oth' Sabbath day:
*Servio* would prosper in his home-affaires,
And therefore dares not misse his *Diet-Prayers*:
*Servio* must put to *Sea*, and does implore,
To th' end that he might safely come *ashore*.
*Servio's* in Suit, and therefore must be eyed
To morning prayer, untill his *Gause* be tried:
*Servio* begins to loath a Single life,
And therefore prayes for a high-portion'd *wife*.

*Servio* would fain be thought religious too,
And therefore prayes as the *Religious* doe:
*Servio* still prayes for *Profit*, or *Applause*;
*Servio* will seldome pray, without a *Cause*.

15.
*On the Devils Master-Piece.*

THis is the height the *Devils Art* can show,
To make man proud, because he is not so.

16.
*On our Saviours Fishing.*

WHen as our blessed Saviour took in hand
To be a *Fisher*, Mark the rule he keeps;
He first puts off a little from the *Land*;
And, by degrees, he launch'd into the *Deeps*:
By whose example, our *Men-fishers* hold
The self-same course; They doe the same, or *should*.

17.
*On Mans greatest Enemie.*

OF all those morall Enemies, that take part
Against my Peace, *Lord*, keep me from my *Heart*.

18
*On the Hypocrite.*

HE's like a *Reed*, that alwaies does reside,
Like a well planted *Tree*, by th' water side;
He beares no other fruit, but a vain brag
Of formall sanctity; A very *Flag*:
Hee's round, and full of substance, to the show;
But hollow-hearted if inquir'd into:

In

In peacefull ſeaſons, when the weather's fair
Stands firm; but ſhakes, with every blaſt of *Air*.

19.

*On the holy Scriptures.*

WHy did our bleſſed Saviour pleaſe to break
His ſacred thoughts in *Parables*, and ſpeak
In dark *Enigmaes*? VVhoſoere thou be
That findſt them ſo, they were not ſpoke to Thee:
In what a caſe is hee, that haps to run
Againſt a poſt, and cries, *How dark's the Sun*?
Or he, in Summer, that complains of *Froſt*?
*The Goſpel's hid to none, but who are loſt.*
The Scripture is a *Ford*, wherein 'tis ſaid,
An Elephant may *ſwim*, a Lamb may wade.

20.

*On Mans heart.*

NAture preſents my heart in *Ore*,
Fair civill carriage *gilds* it o're;
VVhich when th' Almighty ſhall behold
VVith a pleas'd eye, he brings to *gold*;
Thus chang'd, the Temple *Ballance* weighs it;
If droſſe remain, the *Touch* bewrayes it,
Afflictions *Furnace* then refines it;
Gods holy *Spirit* ſtamps and coynes it;
No *Coyn* ſo currant, it will goe
For the beſt *wares*, that Heav'n can ſhow.

21.

*On Drunkennesſe.*

MOſt Sins, at leaſt, pleaſe ſenſe; but this is Trea-(ſon
Not only gainſt the *crown* of *Senſe*, but *Reaſon*.

22.

*On a Kisse.*

ERe since our blessed Saviour was betrayd
With a *Lip-Kisse*, his Vicar is afraid;
From whence perchance this common use did grow
To kisse his tother end; *I mean his Toe.*

23.

*On the Alchymist.*

THe patient *Alchymist*, whose vain desire,
By Art, is to dissemble Natures *Fire*,
Imployes his labour to transmute the old,
And baser *substance* into perfect *Gold*;
He laughs at unbelievers scornes and flouts
Illiterate *Counsel*, neither cares, nor doubts;
Untill, at length, by his ingenious *itch*,
Hee's brought most poor, in seeking to be rich;
Such is the *Civill man*; that by his even
And levell actions hopes to merit Heaven;
He thinks by help of *Nature* to acquire,
At least to counterfeit the sacred fire
Of saving *Grace*, to purge, and to refresh
His base desires, and change his *stone* no *flesh*;
He spurns at Counsel; He derides and jerks
Those whining Spirits that renounce their *works*;
Till, too much trusting to their doing well,
In seeking Heaven, they find the flames of Hell.

24.

*On the ten Lepers.*

TEn *Lepers* cleansed? And but one of ten
Return the *Cleanser* thanks? Ungratefull men!
But

But *Ten* ith' *Hundred*? That's a Gain that we
Receive or Sue, yet oft deny it Thee:

25.

*On the Laſt Epigram.*

HOw, how am I deceiv'd, that ſpeak to thee
Of *Intreſt*, when the purchaſe was in *Fee*?
Thou mad'ſt a clean *Conveyance* to the Ten,
And ne'r expect'dſt the *Principall* agen:
Lord we muſt reckon by another *Rate*:
They gave not one years Purchaſe for th' *Eſtate*:
Lord, how we palter with thee! We pretend
A preſent Payment, till w' obtain our *End*:
And then we crave, and crave a longer Day,
Then pay in *Driblets*; or elſe never pay.

26.

*On the Box of Ointment.*

IT is no wonder, be above the reſt,
VVhom *thirtie pieces* tempted to betray
The Lord of *Glory* to his death, profeſt
The *Box of ointment* was but caſt away:
He that dare *murmure* at ſo ſmall a coſt,
May eas'ly think the charge in *Buriall* loſt.

27.

*On* Mary *and Judas.*

MAry did kiſſe him: *Judas* kiſt him too;
But both their aims were cover'd in a *miſt*:
Both kiſſe our Saviour; but their kiſſes doe
Differ as far as did the parts they kiſt;
There's danger ſtill, where double hearts doe reall
The form of *Love*, or wear the cloak of *Zeal*.

28. On

28.

*On our Saviour and his Vicar.*

ME thinks thy *Vicar Gen'rall* beares the Keyes,
And executes thy *Place* with greater eaſe,
And in one *Iubilee* enjoyes more mirth,
Then thou, my dying Lord; didſt from thy Birth:
Alas! Thou hadſt not wherewithall to fill
Thy craving ſtomack: He has *Cates* at will;
Thy emptie Coffers had not to defray
Thy *Tribute charge*; To him Kings *Tribute* pay:
Foxes have holes; Thou hadſt not, whereupon
To reſt thy wakefull head: He ſnorts in *Doun*:
In ſhort, Thy life was nothing but the Storie
Of *Poverty*, and his of Princely *Glory*:
When tempting Satan would have giv'n thee all
The *wealth* and *glory* of the world, to fall
And worſhip him; at thy refuſall, Lord,
Thy Vicar took the *Tempter* at his word;
So came thy wants ſo great, ſo great his ſtore,
The Vicar is ſo *rich*; the Lord, ſo *poor*.

29.

*On the great Prelate.*

OUr Saviours *feet* were kiſt: The people doe
The very ſame to thee, great *Prelate*, too;
O, who will ſeal but ſuch another *Kiſſe*
Upon th' *Lips*, our Saviour had on his!

30.

*On Idolatry.*

CAn common madneſſe find a thing, that's more
Repugnant to the very Laws of *Nature*;

That

That the Creators *Image* ſhould adore
The ſenſleſſe Image of a ſenſuall *creature*!
If ſuch be Gods; if ſuch our helpers be,
O, What are Men! How more than Beaſts are we?

31.

*On the Tables of Stone.*

THat ſtony *Table* could receive the print
Of thy juſt *Lawes*; Thy *Lawes* were written in't
It could be hew'd, and letters grav'n thereon;
Sure, Lord, my Heart is harder than that *ſtone*.

32.

*On mans three Enemies*

THere's three that with their fiery *Darts*, doe level
Againſt my Soul, the *world*, the *Fleſh*, the *Devill*.
Lord, give mee patience, if not ſtrength; For there
Are *Three* t' afflict me; I'm but one to beare.

33.

*On* Dinah.

WHen *Dinahs* careleſſe eye was grown too laviſh
To entertain, *Sechem* found time to *raviſh*.
*It is no leſſe than ſilent invitation,*
*Although we ſcorn the ſin, to give th' occaſion:*
Sure *Dinahs* Reſolution was too ſtrong,
Or to admit, or not *reſiſt* a *wrong*.
And ſcornes to ſtoop to the *Adulterers* armes,
*we often burn, intending but to warme's*:
She went but out to ſee; Perchance, to hear
What *Luſt* could ſay: What harm to lend an ear?
*Anothers ſin, ſometimes, procures our ſhames*:
*It ſtaines our Bodies, or, at leaſt, our Names.*

34. *On*

34.
*On* Fido.

MArk, when the good man prospers with his *plot*,
Hee's still envy'd; despis'd, if prosper not;
The wicked have no *peace* with God; And, then,
How canst thou, *Fido*, look t' have *peace* with men?

35.
*On* Jacob.

HOw *Jacob's* troop'd? *Laban* pursues with one
Great *Troop*; and *Esau* meets him with another;
*Laban* resolves to apprehend his Son;
*Esau*, to be reveng'd upon his Brother;
*Me thinks I see how* Jacob *stands suppli'd*,
*Like Vertue with a vice on either side.*
*Laban* pursues him to regain his *gods*.
*Esau* t' avenge his *Birth-right* and his *Blessing*;
VVhat hope has *Jacob* now? 'Twixt both, 'tis ods;
There will be either *Death* or *dispossessing*;
*God takes delight to turne our helper then,*
*when all our helps and hopes are past with men.*
*Laban* encounters *Jacob*; He requites
His *gods*; And *Esau's* near at hand by this;
*Laban's* appeas'd; and quencht are *Esaus* Fires;
T' one leaves him; T' other meets him with a *Kisse*,
*Jacob's* in league with both; *The Soul that shall*
*Have peace with God, has league and peace with all.*

36.
*On Drunkennesse.*

IT is a *Theif*; that oft before his face,
Steales *Men* away, and layes a *Beast* in's place.

37. *On*

37.

*On a Teniſe-Court.*

MAn is a *Teniſe-Court*; His Fleſh the *wall*;
The Gameſters *God*, and *Satan*; The Heart's the *Ball*:
The higher and the lower *Hazzards* are
Too bold *Preſumption*, and too baſe *Deſpaire*;
The *Rackets*, which our reſtleſſe *Balls* make fly,
*Adverſity*, and ſweet *Proſperity*;
The Angels keep the *Court*, and mark the place
Where the *Ball* falls; and chaulk out every *Chaſe*.
The *Line's* a Civill life we often croſſe;
Ore which, the *Ball* not flying, makes a *Loſſe*:
*Detractors* are like *Standers-by*, and bet
With Charitable men; Our *Life's* the *Set*.
Lord, in this *Conflict*, in theſe fierce *Aſſaults*,
Laborious *Satan* makes a world of *Faults*;
Forgive them Lord, although he ne'r implore
For favour; They'l be ſet upon our *ſcore*;
O, ſtike the *Ball*, before it come to th' ground,
For this baſe *Court* has many a *falſe Rebound*;
Strike, and ſtrike hard, but ſtrike above the *Line*;
Strike where thou pleaſe, ſo as the *Set* be thine.

38.

*On* Abels *Bloud.*

ABel was ſilent but his *bloud* was ſtrong,
Each drop of guiltleſs *bloud* commands a tongue
A tongue that *cries*; 'Tis not a tongue, implores
For *gentle Audience*; 'Tis a tongue that rores
For hidious *Vengeance*; 'Tis a tongue that's bold
And full of *Courage*, and that cannot hold;
O, what a noiſe my Bleſſed Saviours *Bloud*
Makes now in Heav'n! how ſtrong it cries! how loud!

But

But not for *Vengeance*: From his side has sprung
A world of *drops*; From ev'ry drop, a *Tongue*.

39.
*On the Memory.*

DOes thy corrected Frailty still complain
Of thy disloyall *Mem'ry*? Do'st retain
Nothing that's good? And is the better part
Of what thou hear'st, before it warm thy heart,
Snatcht from thy false *Remembrance*? Is the most
Of what th' inspired *Prophets* tell thee, lost
In thy unhospitable ears? And not
To be recall'd? Quite buried? Quite forgot?
Fear not: Thou hast a *Chanc'lour* in thy Breast,
That keeps th' *Exchequer*, and hoards up the least,
The *poorest Sum*: No, no, thou need'st not fear,
There's nothing will be lost that's taken there:
Think'st thou, that thou hast lost that piece of *Gold*
That's dropt into a fairer *Heap*, untold?
Or can'st thou judge, that *Fire*, clos'd about
With rak'd up *Embers*, 'cause not seen, is out?
*Gold*, lost in greater *sums*, is still thine own;
And rak'd up *Embers* will, in time, be blown
To *Flames*: Believ't the *words* thine ears have lost,
Thy *heart* will find, when thou shalt need them most.

40.
*On the Babel-Builders.*

SUre, if those *Babel-builders* had thought good
To raise their heav'n-high *Tower* before the *Flood*
The wiser sort of people might deride
Their *Folly*, and that Folly had salv'd their *pride*;
Or had their *Faiths* but enterpriz'd that *plot*,
Their *hearts* had finisht what their hands could not;

'Twas

'Twas not for love of Heav'n: nor did they aime
So much to raise a *Building*, as a *Name*:
They that by *works* shall seek to make intrusion
To Heav'n, finde nothing but their own *Confusion*.

41.

On Esau *and* Jacob.

*Esau* goes forth; strives, with his own disquiet,
To purchase *Ven'son* for his Fathers Diet:
*Jacob* abides at home; and by his *Mother*,
Is taught the way, how to supplant his Brother:
There's some that hunt, like *Esau*, sweat and toile,
And seek their *Blessing* by their own *Turmoile*;
Whilst others crave assistance, and bewray
Their wiser *weakness*, in a safer *way*?
O, if the Church, my *Mother*, will instruct me,
Make *savory Meat*, and cloath me, and conduct me
Into my Fathers *Armes*, these hands shall never
Trust to the poorness of their own *Endeavour*;
Bring I a *Kid* but of my *Mothers* dressing,
'Twill please my *Father*, and procure my *Blessing*.

42.

*On severall Sinnes.*

*Grosse Sin.*

IS like a *Show'r*, which ere we can get in
Into our conscience, wets us to the skin.

*Sin of Infirmity.*

IS like the falling of an *Aprill showre*;
'Tis often *Rain*, and *Sun shine*, in an howre.

Sin

*Sin of Custome.*

IS a long *showre*, beginning with the Light;
Oft-times continuing til the *Dead of Night.*

*Sin of Ignorance.*

IT is a hideous *Mist*, that wets amain,
Though it appear not in the form of *Rain.*

*Crying Sinner.*

IT is a sudden *showre*, that teares in sunder
The *Cope of Heav'n*, and alway comes with *Thunder.*

*Sin of Delight.*

IS like a *feathered showre of Snow*, not felt,
But soakes to th' very skin, when ere it melt.

*Sin of Presumption.*

DOes like a *showre of Haile*, but wet and wound
With sudden death; or strikes us to the *Ground.*

*The Sin of Sinnes.*

IT is a *sulphrous showre*, such as fell
On *Sodom*, strikes, and strikes to th' *Pit of Hell.*

*On these showres.*

GOod God! what *Weather's* here! These souls of (our
Have still the luck to travell in a *shower*; Lord,

Lord, we are cold and pitifully drencht;
Not a dry Thread; and all our *Fire's* quencht,
Our very Blood is cold; Our trembling knees
Are mutuall *Anvills*; Lord, we ſtand and freeze;
Alas, we find ſmall comfort from the *Eye*
Of Heav'n; theſe ſhouring *clouds*, our *ſins* do flye
Bewixt the *Sun* and us: VVe dry no more,
Than if the *Sun* had given his office o'r:
Nay Lord, if now and then thoſe *Beames* doe chance
To break upon's, and lend a feeble glance
Upon our reeking *ſoules*, ere we begin
To feel the warmth, w' are dows'd and drencht agin:
In what a caſe are we! Our nightly *damps*
And daily *ſtorms*, have fil'd our Soules with *Cramps*,
VVith wavering *Palſeys*, and our hoarſer tongues
Can do the ſervice, nor in *Prayers*, nor *Songs*:
Our Zeales are aguiſh; hot and cold: They bee
Extreamly hot to th' *world*, as cold to *Thee*;
Our *Blood* has got a *Fever*: Lord, it muſt
Be ſet on fire with every wanton *Luſt*:
VVhat worlds of miſchief are there that prevail not
Upon our fainting Soules? What is't we ail not,
That wet and cold can bring? Yet have no power
To keep us in, but dabble in the *Shower*:
Shine forth, bright *Sun* of glory; Be as fierce,
As theſe eclipſing *Clouds* are black; Diſperce
And clear them with thy ſtronger beams, that thus
Dare interpoſe betwixt thy Glory, and us:
Reflect on my diſtempered Soul; Refine
This vap'rous *Earth*, this ſinfull Fleſh of mine;
That though ſome *Drops* muſt fall, I may have power,
Shelt'rd by Thee, t' avoid the down right *Shower*;
O let my dabled *ſpirit* ſtill retire
To thee, and warm her by thy Sacred *Fire*;
That having ravill'd out ſome weary houres,
Shy may arrive where's neither *Clouds* nor *Showres*.

44. *On*

44.

*On* Dives *and* Lazarus

Did ever *Judge* more equally proceed
To punish Sin? so right, in kind, and nature?
Poor *Lazarus* was refus'd a *crumb* of Bread
And *Dives* was deny'd a *drop* of Water:
*Children are oftentimes so like the Mother,*
*That men may easily know the one by th' other.*

45.

*On two Suitors.*

THe *Soul* is like a *Virgin*; for whose love
Two jealous Suitors strive; Both daily move
For Nuptiall favour; Both, with Lovers Art,
Plead for the Conquest of the Virgins *heart*:
The first, approaching, knockt, and knockt agin;
The *Door* being op'ned, at his entring in,
He blush'd; and (as young bashfull Lovers use)
Is more then half discouraged, ere he sues:
At length, that love, that taught him what to fear,
Gave resolution to present her ear
With what he hop'd, and in a lovers fashion,
He oft repeats the story of his *Passion*:
He vows his *Faith*, and the sincere perfection
Of undissembled, and intire *Affection*;
He sues for equall mercy from her *Eye*;
And must have love, or else, for love, must dye:
His present means were short: He made profession
Of a fair *Joynture*, though but small *possession*:
And in a word, to make his *passion* good,
He offers to deserve her with his *Blood*:
The other boldly enters: with the strong
And sweet-lip'd *Rhetorick* of a Courtly tongue,

Salutes

Salutes her gentle ears; His lips discover
The amorous language of a wanton *Lover*;
He smiles and faums, and now and then lets fly
Imperious *glances* from his sparkling Eye,
Bribes her more *orient neck* with *Pearl*, with *charms*;
Encloſing *Bracelets* decks her Ivory *Arms*;
He boasts th' extent of his Imperiall Power,
And offers VVealth and Glory for a *Dower*:
Betwixt them both, the Virgin stands perplext;
The first Tale pleas'd her well, untill the next
VVas told; She lik'd the one, the other; both
To make a choice; She could affect them *Both*;
The one was jocund, full of sprightly mirth:
The other, better born, of Nobler birth;
The second su'de in a compleater fashion;
I, but the first show'd deeper wounds of Passion;
The first was sadly modest; And the last
More rudely pleasant; His fair looks did cast
More am'rous flames; But yet t'others eye
Did promise greater Nuptiall *Loyalty*:
The last's more; yet Riches, but for life,
Make a poor *widow*, of a happy *Wife*;
The first's *Estate's* but small, if not made good
By Death: Fair *Joyntures* comfort *widowhood*:
Whom shall this *Virgin* chuse? Her thoughts approve
The last for present *wealth*; the first, for *love*:
Both may not be enjoy'd: Her heart must smother
Her love to *one*, if she affect the *other*.
Ah, silly *Virgin*! is the choice so hard
In two extreams? Can thy weak thoughts reward
Two so unequall; with a like respect?
Knowst thou not which to slight, and which t' affect?
Submit to better judgement, and advise
With thy best *Friend*: O trust not thine own eyes:
This *last*, that seemes so pleasant, so acure,
Is but a *slave*, dreſt in his Lords old *Suit*:

He

He brags of *glory*, and of Princely Power,
When he is kickt and baffled every hower:
The *Treasure* that he boasts is not his own,
He basely stole it, and the *Theft* is known;
For which he is *arraign'd*, condemn'd to th' pains
Of *death*; His sentence is, to hang in *Chaines*:
His plot's to bring thee in as deep as hee,
Believ't, it is thy *Blood* he seeks, not *Thee*:
The *Bribes* he gave thee are but stoln: Fond *Girle*,
Discard those *Bracelets*, and disclaim that *Pearle*;
The *first*, whole oft repeated knocks did crave
Admittance, was the Lord to that base *slave*:
His *Faith* is loyall, and as firm his *Vow*;
To him, his life's not half so dear as thou:
That *wealth*, that *honour*, that dissembled *power*,
That pleasant *Peasant* offered as a *Dower*,
Is that fair Lords: *Nor peace*, nor *pow'r*, nor *wealth*,
Can any challenge from him, but by stealth:
Match there, my Soul, and let thy sacred Vowes
Plight holy contracts with so sweet a Spouse:
His left hand's full of *treasure*, and his right
Of *peace*, and *honour*, and unknown *delight*:
Hee'l give the *wealth*, and in that wealth content,
For present meanes: And (when thy *glasse* has spent
Her latest Sand, that Time untransitory
Thy dayes) a Joynture of *Eternall Glory*.

## 46.

### *On the old and new Garments.*

NEw Garments being brought, who is't that would
Not scorn to live a Pris'ner to the *Old*?
Yet though our bounteous Saviour, at his cost,
Presents us *new*, we love the *old ones* most:
Alas, they pinch us! O, they sit too strait!
They are too cumbersome! too great a weight!

No,

No, no; the *old* were too too light, too great;
So we have ease, we care not to be neat:
Like tyred Jades, our better wills repair
To a foul *Stable*, then t' a *Rode* that's fair.

## 47.
### *On Mans Co-operation.*

WE are not *Blocks*; We must expect the *Call*,
And, being call'd, must *move* and *rise* withall:
The *Voice* were needlesse, and as good be dumb,
As with the *Call*, not give the *pow'r* to come;
Deserves he food, that thinks it vain to gape?
Christ takes his Spouse by contract not by *Rape*.

## 48.
### *On the old and new Tables.*

THe former *Tables* of the Law were broken,
And left no Monuments of themselves, no token,
No Signe that ever such things were: But mark,
The *latter* were kept holy in the *Arke*:
Those *Tables* are our *Hearts*. Can we be bold
To look for *new*, and yet not break the *old*?
Or can the ruines of the old finde place
In th' ark of *Glory*, not repair'd by *Grace*?
Dismount, O blessed *Moses*, and renew
Those *Tables* thou hast broken, or make *new*.

## 49.
### *On a Crucifix.*

WHy not the *Picture* of our dying Lord,
As of a Friend? Nor *this*, nor *that's* ador'd;
*Does not th' Eternall Law command, that thou*
*Shalt ev'n as well forbeare to make, as bow?*

Nor

Not to so good an *end*? T' advance his *Passion*?
The *gold* being pure, what matter for the *Fashion*?
*Take heed; the purest gold does often take*
*Some losse, some prejudice, for the fashions sake.*
Not to a *civill end*? to garnish *Hals*?
To deck our *Windows*, to adorn our *Wals*?
*Shew-bread must not be common; and the Cruse*
*Of holy Oyle admits no civill use;*
No, no; the beauty of his *Picture* lies
VVithin; 'Tis th' object of our *Faith*, not *Eyes*.

50.

*On praying to Saints.*

NOt pray to *Saints*, Is not the *warrant* ample,
If *backt* with *Scripture*, *strengthn'd* with *example*?
Did not that sweltring *Dives* make *complaint*
For water, was not *Abraham* a *Saint*?
VVhy should Reformed *churches* then forbid it,
'Tis true; But tell me, what was *He*, that did it?

51.

*On Confession.*

EXperience tels, that *Agues* are about
To wear away, when as our *Lips* break out.
In Spirituall *Feavers*, there's the same expression
Of Health, when lips break forth into *Confession*;
But mark, these hopefull *simptomes* never do
Confirm the Ague *gone*, but *fair to go*;
They do not alwayes work, what they portend,
*Confession profits not, unlesse we mend.*

52. O

## 52.

### *On* Solomons *Rejoyce.*

*YOung man Rejoyce:* What jolly mirth is here?
*Let thy heart cheere thee:* What delicious Cheare
*In thy young dayes;* Thy cates will relish sweeter;
*Walk thy own wayes:* Thy cares will passe the fleeter:
*Please thy own heart:* Carve where it likes thee beste
*Delight thine eyes:* And be a Joyfull Guest:
*But know withall, The Day will come, whereon*
*Thy Judge will doom thee for the deeds th'ast done:*
O what a *Feast!* O what a *Reck'ning's* here!
The *Cates* are sweet; The *Shot's* extreamly dear:
Lord, I have been, and am a daily *Guest*
Too oft invited ) at the *Young mans* Feast:
The *Reck'ning's* great; Although I cannot pay,
I can *Confesse;* Great God, before this Day,
I had been dragd to the redeemlesse *Gayle,*
Hadst thou not pleas'd t' accept my Saviours *Baile;*
Lord, he must bear't I doubt: For I can get
Nor *Coyn* to pay, nor labour out the *Debt:*
I cannot *dig,* my Joynts are stark and lame:
But I can *beg,* although I beg with shame;
I have nō *Grace* in begging; can receive
The first *repulse:* I have no *Faith* to crave:
If th' entertainments of the *Feast* be these;
Lord give me *Famine;* take the *Feast* that please.

## 53.

### *On Bread.*

TAke up that bit of *Bread:* And understand,
What 'tis thou holdest in thy careless hand:
Observe it with thy thoughts, and it will read thee
A usefull Lecture, ev'n as well as feed thee;

VVe stir our *Lands*, or give directions how;
But God must send a season for the *Plow*;
VVe sow our *Seed*; But sow our seed in vain,
If Heav'n deny the first, the latter *Rain*; (cease
Small proof in *showrs*, if heav'ns pleas'd hand shall
To blesse those showrs, nor crown them with *increase*,
The tender *Blades* appear before thine eye,
But, *unrefreshe* by heav'n, as soon they dye;
The infant *Eares* shoot forth, and now begin
To corn; But God must hold his *Mill dews* in;
The *Harvest's* come; But Clouds conspire together,
Hands cannot work, till heav'n shall clear the *weather*
At length 'tis reap'd Between the *Barn* and *Furrow*
How many Offices poor Man runs thorow!
Now God has done his part; The rest we share
To man; His providence takes now the care;
No, yet it is not ours; The use alone,
Not bare possession makes the thing our own;
Thy swelling *Barns* have crownd thy full desire,
But heav'n, when Mows should *sweat*, can make them
I, but the *sheaves* are thrasht, and the heap lies (fire
In thy full *Garner*; He that sent the *Flies*
To *Pharoes* Court; can, with as great an ease,
Sent thee more wastfull *vermin*, if he please;
Perchance 'tis grounded, kneaded and what thought
Gods *Curse* is often temper'd with the *Dough*;
Beleev't the fruits of all thy toyle, is mine;
Untill they be enjoy'd, as much as *thine*;
But now 't has fed thee; Is my soul at rest?
Perchance, thy stomack's dainty to digest.
No, if Heav'ns following favour doe not last
From the first *Furrow* to the very *Tast*,
Thy labour's lost; The *Bread* of all thy *travill*.
VVithout that blessing, feeds no more than *Gravill*
Now wastfull Man, thou may'st repose again
That Model of Gods *Heav'dness* and thy *pain*,

That bit of *Bread*; And if thy Dog should fawn
Upon thy lap, let not so dear a Pawn
Of greater plenty be contemn'd and lost;
Remember *how* it came and *what* it cost.

54.

*On Faith and Reason.*

TRue *Faith* and *Reason*, are the Souls two Eyes;
*Faith* evermore looks upward, and discovers
Objects remote, but *Reason* can discover
Things onely near, sees nothing thats above her;
They are not *Matches*, Often disagree:
And sometimes both are clou'd, and neither see;
*Faith* viewes the *Sun*, and *Reason* but the shade;
T' one courts the *Mistresse*, t' other wooes the *Maid*;
That sees the *Fire*; This onely but the *Flint*,
*The true-bred Christian alwaies looks a squint.*

55.

*On Carnall Mirth*

WHo seeks to quench by help of *Carnall* friends
Those fiery *Errants* that the conscience sends,
Redeemes his *Peace*, but with a further *spoyle*.
Drinks in a *Fever*; quenches Fire with Oyle.
Lord, if thou strike my *Conscience*; and that, *Mee*;
I will expect and trust no Friend, but *Thee*.

56.

*On Prayer.*

PRayer's like a *Vapour* rais'd from earth, that flies
To th' *gates* of Heav'n; It never rots ith' skies;
If *Faith* and It be joyn'd, it will obtain,
And melt into a first and latter *Rain*;

If *Faith* forsake her, and they part in sunder,
It falls in *Thunderbolts*, at least, in *Thunder*.

57.

*On* ANNA.

WHat faithfull *Anna* by her Tears had done,
Deserv'd the double duty of a Son:
She was a *double* Parent, pleas'd to doe
A double Office; *bore*, and *got* him too:
Thus *Samuel* was (It was lesse strange than rare)
Born of her *Body*, gotten by her *Prayer*.

58.

*On a Gift.*

NO *losse* to give to thee; the gift is more
Our *owne*, being giv'n, great God, than 'twas before.

59.

*On my self.*

IF righteous *Ely* was not vengeance free,
How shall I scape! He was a Saint to mee:
Nay, Lord, how would my heart and comfort fail,
If I should weigh thy Mercies in our *Scale*!

60.

*On Justification and Sanctification.*

LOrd, thou hast promis'd, *in* and *for* thy Christ,
To *sanctifie* where ere thou *justifi'st*:
Lord, all my Evils are justifi'd in thee;
Lord, let those Evils be sanctifi'd to me.

61. *On*

## 61.
### *On Mans Love.*

WHen think we, Lord, on thee! and when we do
How feeble are our thoughts, and sinfull too!
How basely do our crooked Souls engage
Themselves to Heav'n? We make thy Glory, *Page*
To our Salvation: Mans more servile heart
Loves what he'd *have thee*, Lord, not what thou *art*:
This is the very best of Man; wherein
We' are apt to think we *merit* more, than *sin*:
But there's a baser *Love*: Our chief respects
Have more relation to our own *Defects*;
Like Dogs we faun upon our Masters *Laps*
With dirty feet, and only love for *Scraps*.
But there's a baser yet: We love for *fear*,
Finding, like *Rain*, more than we can bear,
And, were it not for shame, our hearts would be
As warm to *Satan*, as, great God, to *Thee*:
But there's a baser yet; And baser none:
We love thee, to be lov'd of man alone:
We force a *Zeal*, usurp the name of *Pure*;
That we may sin more *closly*, more *secure*;
We love thee only to abuse thee, just
As Whores love Husbands, but to cloke their lust:
How art thou martyr'd in our lustfull Fires!
How made a *Stale* to catch our *wild* desires!
Lord, I will love as far as lies in mee,
Thee for thy *self*, and all things else in *Thee*.

## 62.
### *On filiall love and servile.*

THey're not alike, although alike appear:
T'one fears for *Love*; The other loves for *Fear*.

63.

*On Grapes.*

IT is receiv'd, that *seed* of Grapes being sown,
Brings forth *degenerate* Clusters, or else *none*:
But Stocks being *grafted* prove a *fruitfull* Vine,
Whose pleasing *Berries* yeeld a generous Wine;
VVe are thy *Vineyard*, Lord, these grapes of our
By *Nature* are degenerous and sower;
But if thou please to *graft* us, we shall bear
Delicious fruit: which being prest, will chear
The hearts of *Angels*, and that blessed *Trine*
Of perfect glory, with their sprightly *Wine*.

64.

*On Joy and Grief.*

LOrd, if my *Griefs* were not oppos'd with *Joys*,
They would destroy:
And if my *Mirth* were not allaid with *Sadnesse*,
It would be Madnesse:
VVhile *this* with *that*, or *that* with *this* contends,
They're both my *Friends*;
But when these happy *Wars* doe chance to cease,
I have no peace.
The more my earthly *Passions* doe contest,
The more my heavenly *Affections* are at rest.

65.

*On Doves and Serpents.*

WE must have *Doves* and *Serpents* in our heart,
But how they must be marshall'd there's the Art;
They must agree and not be far asunder;
The *Dove* must hold the wily *Serpent* under;

Thei-

Their natures teach what places they must keep,
The *Dove* can *fly*, the *Serpent* only *creep*.

66.

*On Christ, and our selves.*

I Wish a greater knowledge, then t' attain
The knowledge of *my self* A greater Gain
Than to augment *my self*; A greater *Treasure*
Than to enjoy my self a greater Pleasure
Than to content *my self*; How slight, and vain,
Is all self-knowledge, Pleasure, Treasure, Gain;
Unlesse my better knowledge could arrive
*My Christ*; unlesse my better Gain could thrive
*In Christ*; unlesse my better Wealth grow rich
*In Christ*; unlesse my better Pleasure pitch
*On Christ*; or else my knowledge will proclaim
To my own heart how ignorant I am:
Or else my Gain so ill improv'd will shame
My Trade, and shew how much declin'd I am;
Or else my Treasure will but blurre my name
With *Bankrupt*, and divulge how poore I am:
Or else my Pleasures that so much *in flame*
My thoughts, will blab how full of fores I am.
Lord, keep me from *my self*, 'tis best for mee,
Never to own *my self*, if not in *Thee*.

67.

*On Man.*

AT our Creation, but the *Word* was said,
And we were made:
No sooner were, but our false hearts did swell,
With *Pride*, and fell:
How slight is *Man*! At what an easie cost
Hee's made and lost!

## 68.
## *On Death.*

WE all are going to the self-same *Place*;
VVe onely differ in our *Way*, our *Pace*:
One treads the *common Rode* of Age: Another,
Travels, directed by the hand of's *Brother*:
Some crosse the *Waves*, perchance the nearer way;
Some by the winged *Shaft* that flies by Day;
Some ride on *Fevers*; Others bear the hoof,
With horses in their hands, and make a proof
Of their own *strength*; Others more fairly pace
On *Beds of Downe*; Some ride a speedy race
On hot mouth'd *Surfets*, emulous for the *Cup*;
Some hotly mounted fiercely gallop up
On spurgall'd *Broyles*, whose Frantick motions send
Their hasty spirits to their *Journeys end*:
Some ride upon the racking Steeds of *Treasure*;
Others false-gallop on the backs of Pleasure:
All journey forwards to the self-same Place;
Some the next way, and some the faster pace:
All post an end; till beaten out of *Breath*,
They all arrive at the great *gates* of Death.
Lord in this *common Rode*, I doe not care
VVhat pace I travell so my way be fair.

## 69.
## *On the Use of Man.*

OUr Life is nothing but a *Winters Day*;
Some onely break their *Fast*, and so away:
Others stay *Dinner*, and depart full fed;
The deepest Age but *sups*, and goes to bed:
Hee's most in debt, that lingers out the *Day*;
VVho dyes betimes, has lesse, and lesse to pay.

## 70.

### *On Gods Image.*

IT was a *dainty piece!* In every part,
Drawn to the life, and full of curious Art:
It was as like thee as a *shadow* could
Be like a *substance*; There was none but would
Have known thee by't: There needed then no name
No golden *Characters*, that might proclaime
Whose *Picture* 'twas: the Art was so divine
That very Beasts did reverence, as thine:
But now alas, 'tis blurr'd: the best that we
Or they can judge, is this, 'twas made for thee:
Alas, 'tis faded, foil'd with hourly dust,
Sullyed, and shadow'd with the smoak of *Lust*;
So swarthy, as if that glorious face of thine
Were tawned underneath the *torrid Line*:
How is thy *Picture* alt'red! how ill us'd
By our neglects! how slubberd! how abus'd!
Her Cedar *Frame's* disjoynted, warp'd, and broke
Her curious *Tablet's* tainted with the smoke:
The object's both offensive, and the favour,
Retaining neither *Beauty*, nor the *Fauour*.
Lord, let not thy displeased eye forsake
Thy *handy work*, for the bad keepers sake:
Behold it still; and what thou seest amisse,
Passe by: Think what it was; not what it is:
VVhat though her beauty and her colours fade?
Remember, O, 'twas like thee when 'twas made:
There is a great *Apelles* that can limn
VVith thy own *Pencill*, we have sought to *Him*:
His skilfull hand will wash off all the soyle,
And cleanse thy Picture with his sacred Oyle:
Hee'l mak't more fair than 'twas; at least, the same;
Hee'l mend the *Tablet*, and renew the *Frame*;

Till then, be pleas'd to let thy Picture be
Acknowledg'd *thine*, 'twas made for none but *Thee*.

## 71.
## *On the Penny.*

HE that endur'd the tyrannny of *Heat*,
The *Morning*-sorrowes, and the *Mid-day*-sweat,
The *Evening*-toyl and *burthen* of the *Day*,
Had but his promis'd *Penny* for his pay:
Others, that loyter'd all the *Morning*; stood
I'th' idle *Market*, whose unpractis'd blood
Scarce felt the warmth of labour, nor could show
A *bruise* of action, had his penny too.
What *wages* can we merit, as our own?
Slaves that are *bought* with *price*, can challenge none;
But onely *Stripes*: alas, if Servants could
Do more, than bid, they do but what they should.
When man endeavours, and when heav'n engages
Himself by promise, they are *Gifts*, not *wages*,
He must expect: *we* must not look t' obtain
Because *we Run*: Nor do *we run* in vain:
Our Running shows th' effect, produces none;
The *Penny* 's giv'n alike to every one
That works i'th' *Vineyard*: Equall *price* was shar'd
T' unequall *workers*; therefore no *Reward*:
Lord, set my hands a work; I will not serve
For *wages*, lest thou give what I *deserve*.

## 72.
## *On a Christian.*

THE Generous *Christian* must as well improve
I'th' quality of the *Serpent*, as the *Dove*;
He must be *innocent*; afraid, to do
A wrong: And *wary*, to prevent it too.

The y

They must be mixt, and tempper'd with true love;
An *Ounce* of Serpent serves a *Pound* of *Dove*.

73.

*On Gods bounty.*

GOd freely gives, as freely we receive;
It is not *Do*, but *Ask, and thou shalt have.*

74.

*On Sinners.*

MY Sins are like to *Mountains*, that arise
Above the *Clouds*, and threat the *threatning*
Lord, give me *Faith*, and let that Faith be prov'd,
In leaving not a *Mountain* unremov'd.

75.

*On the life of Man.*

A *Thousand* years with God (the Scriptures say)
Are reckon'd but a *Day*;
By which account, this measur'd Life of our
Exceeds not much an *hour*;
The half whereof Nature doth claim and keep
As her own debt for Sleep;
A full *sixth part* of what remains, we rise
In more than needfull Diet;
Our *Infancy*, our *Childehood*, and the most
Of our *green youth* is lost;
The *little* that is left, we thus devide;
One part to cloath our Pride;
Another share we lavishly deboyle
To *vain*, or *sinfull* joyes;
If then, at most, the measur'd life of Man
Be counted but a *span*;

Being

Being half'd, and quarter'd, and disquarter'd thus,
What, what remains for us?
Lord, if the *Totall* of our daies do come
To so, so poor a *sum*;
And if our shares, so small, so nothing be,
Out of that *Nothing*, what remains to *Thee*?

## 76.
## *On the Childrens* Bread.

THy strengthning *Graces* are the *Childrens Bread*,
VVhich makes thy *thriving Children* strong and able.
Honour and Riches are the *Crums* that fed
The *Dogs* that lurk beneath their *Masters* Table:
Lord, if thy gracious pleasure will allow
But *Bread*, I'm sure I shall have *Crums* enow.

## 77.
## *On* Trust *and* Care.

OUr *Trust* in God, for Riches, neither must
*Exclude* our *Care*; nor Care *exceed* our Trust.

## 78.
## *On* Ruscus.

ILliterate *Ruscus* heard *Pedantius* preach;
Admir'd the *Church-mans* learning, and commended
Such things alone that were above his reach;
But meanly slighted what he apprehended:
What hinders then to think, that *Ruscus* hath,
At least the twi-light of a *Bastard Faith*?

79.

*On the receiving of the Lord's Supper.*

MEn take the Sacred Seals of their Salvation,
As some do Physick, not for *health*, but *fashion*,
The Day preceding, and the following Day,
There's none so strict; none so reform'd as they:
They curb the fury of their wanton *Riot*,
And call their sursets to a stricter *Diet*:
The time expir'd, the first Assault that haps,
Prevails, and strikes them to a worse *Relaps*;
Like Dogs to *vomits* they return agin,
As though they 'ad past a *Patent* now to sin:
Let such *Day-Christians* on the very top
Of all their mirth remember *Judas Sop*.

80.

*On Faith.*

TH' oft shaken *Tree* growes faster at the root;
And *faith's* most firm, that's sometimes urg'd with *Doubt*.

81.

*On the Story of Man.*

THe *word* was spoke; And what was *Nothing*, must
Be made a *Chaos* of confused *Dust*:
The *word* was spoke; the *Dust* began to thicken
To a firm *Clay*; the *Clay* began to quicken:
The grosser substance of that *Clay* thought good
To turn to *Flesh*; the moister turn'd to *Blood*:
Received *Organs*; and those Organs, *Sense*;
It was imbellisht with the Excellence
Of *Reason*: It became the *Height of Nature*,
Being *stampt* with th' *Image* of the great Creator:

But,

But, Lord, that glorious *Image* is defac'd;
Her Beauty's *blasted*, and her Tablet's *raz'd*,
This height of Nature has committed *Treason*
Against it self, declin'd both *Sense* and *Reason*:
Meer *Flesh* and *Blood*, containing but a day
Of painted pleasure, and but *breathing Clay*:
Whose Moisture, dri'd with his own sorrow, must
Resolve, and leave him to his former *Dust*;
Which Dust, the utter object of our loathing,
Small time consumes, and brings to his first *nothing*:
Thus from this *Nothing*, from this *Dust*, began
This *Something*, turn'd to Dust, to *Nothing*, Man.

82.

On Ananias.

THe *land* was his, The *land* was his alone,
'Twas sold, and now the *money* was his own;
The power remain'd in the *Possessors* hand,
To keep his *money*, or have kept his *land*:
But once devoted to the *Churches good*,
And then conceal'd, it cost his *life*, his *blood*.
If those that give may not resume agin,
Without a *Punishment*, without a *Sin*,
What shall become of those whose unjust power
Dispoyles the *widowed* Temple of her *Dower*?
Who take her Profits, and instead of giving
*Encrease* to her revenues, make a living
Upon her *Ruines*, growing plump and full
Upon her *wants*, being cloathed in her *wool*,
While she sustains th' extremes of cold and hunger,
To pamper up the fat *Advouson-monger*;
Who thrust their *Flesh-hooks*, in their thirsty Flot,
And onely leave her what they value not:
The whilest her sacred Priests that daily tread
Their slighted *Corn*, must beg their early *Bread*;

Or

Or else, be forc'd to purchase easie shares
With that dear *price* of their ungranted *Prayers*?
Let such turn back their sacrilegious eyes,
And see how breathlesse *Ananias* lyes:
Behold the *Wages* that his sin procures,
That was a *Mole-Hill*, to these *Alps* of yours:
He took not from the *Church*; Did but conceal
Some parts he gave; But your false fingers steal
Her main *Inheritance*, her own *Possession*,
His was but bare *deceipt*, yours bold *Oppression*;
O, if no lesse than the *first death* was due
To him, what *death* d' ye think's prepar'd for you?
So often as your pamper'd eyes shall look
On your Estates, think on the *Flying book*.

## 83.
### *On pious uses.*

THey that in life oppresse, and then bequeath
Their goods to *pious uses* at their death,
Are like those Drunkards, being laid to sleep
They *belch* and *vomit* what they cannot *keep*:
To Gods and Mans acceptance, presume,
Their several actions send the like *perfume*.

## 84.
### *On Sophronia.*

THe chaste *Sophronia* knows not how to scape
Th' inevitable danger of a *Rape*;
Cruell *Sophronia* draws her hasty knife,
And would relieve her Chastitie with *life*;
Doubtfull *Sophronia* knows not what to do,
She cannot keep the *one*, and t' *other* too;
*Sophronia*'s in a strait; One eye is fixt
O'th' *seaventh* Commandment, t' other, on the *first*.

To

To what Extreams is poor *Sophronia* driven!
Is not *Sophronia* left at *Six* and *Seven*?

85.
*On the knowing Man.*

HE's like a *luſtie Soil*, whoſe *Moiſture* feeds,
If not a world of *Corn*, a world of *Weeds*.

86.
*On* Romes *Pardon.*

IF *Rome* could *pardon* ſins, as *Romans* hold,
And if ſuch *Pardons* might be bought for *Gold*,
An eaſie Judgement might determine which
To chooſe; To be *Religious*, or elſe *Rich*:
Nay *Rome* does *pardon*: *Pardons* may be ſold;
VVee'l ſearch no *Scriptures*, but the *Mines*, for Gold.

87.
*On the world.*

THe *world* compo'd of *hea'n* & *earth*'s the ſtorie
Of Gods *Eternall*, and Mans *Temp'rall Glorie*.

88.
*On formall Devotion.*

MEn doe God Serv'ce with the ſame devotion,
As the ſoul Body takes his loathed *Potion*;
They ſtay and ſtay; then gulp it down in haſt,
Not for the *pleaſure*, but to have it *paſt*:
VVhoſe *druggie* Taſte goes ſo againſt their minde,
That oft, the better part is left behinde;
And what is taken, 's taken but in vain,
It either *works not*, or *comes up* again.

89. On

89.

*On heavenly Manna.*

O VVhat a world of heav'nly *Manna* falls
VVithin the Circuit of our happy *walls*!
VVith how great *Joy* would neighb'ring *lands* receive
The Fragment of those *Fragments* which we leave!
Our furnisht *Markets* flourish all the year:
VVe need no *Ephahs*, nor yet *Omers* here;
VVe take, unmeasur'd, from the bounteous heap;
Thanks never were so *dear*, nor that so *cheap*;
VVe never hoard, but toss from hand to hand,
As if that *Famine* had forsworn the Land;
Our satiate stomacks are so lavish-fed,
That we even sleight, and wanton with our *Bread*;
Ah Lord! I fear when careless children play
VVith their spoil'd *Bread*, 'tis time to take *away*.

90.

*On naturall Sins.*

TO murther *Parents*, or our selves, has bin,
Though falsly, counted an *unnaturall Sin*;
By *Nature*, we are apt to fall into't;
I rather think't unnaturall *not to do't*;
If heav'n should but forsake us, 'twere agin
The very course of Nature, *not to sin*.

91.

*On the Arke.*

IF *Floods* of Tears shall drown my *world* of Sin,
Alas, my floating Arke retains within,
A cursed *Cham* to store the *world* agin;
VVhat then? so long as holy *Shem* vouchsafeth
But to divide a Tent with bashfull *Japheth*.

92. *On*

92.

On Sophronia.

*Sophronia* chooses rather to commit
*Self-murther*, then by violence, to submit
Her venter'd honour to th' injurious trust
Of the *eye sparkling* Tyrants furious *Lust*:
What means *Sophronia*? Dare her conscience frame
To act a *Sin*, but to prevent a *Shame*.

93.

*On a fair Prospect.*

*Look up*, and there I see the fair abode
And glorious *Mansion* of my gracious God:
*Look down*; In every garnisht corner lies
*Favours* objected to my wondring eyes:
*Look on my right hand*; There the sweet increase
Of Joyes present me with a joyfull *Peace*:
*Look on my left hand*, There my Fathers *Rod*
Sublimes my knowledge, from my self, to God:
*Look forward*, There I see the lively Story
Of *Faiths* improvement, and of future *Glory*:
*Look backward*, There my thankfull eye is cast
On *Sins* remitted and on *Dangers* past:
*Look inwards*, And mine eye is made partaker,
Of the fair Image of my glorious *Maker*:
*Look up*, or *down*, *about*, *above*, or *under*;
Nothing but Objects of true *Love* and *Wonder*.

94.

*A Resolution.*

If thou hast given me *wealth*, great God I crave
*Content*, and Grace to have the goods I have:

If otherwise thy will be done; I crave not
So much to *have*, as use the goods *I have not*;
Lord, make me *Thine*, And then I shall appear,
If not thine *Almner*, yet thy *Bailiffman* here.

95.

*On the worlds welcome.*

EArths Entertainments are like those of *Jael*,
Her left hand brings me *Milk*, Her right, a *Nail*

96.

*On our Meditation upon God.*

WHen thy ambitious *knowledge* would attempt
So *high a Task* as God, she must exempt
All carnall *sense*; Thy *Reason* must release
Her *pow'r*, thy *Fancie* must be bound to th' peace;
Thy *Spirits* must be rapt, they must exile
Thy *flesh*, and keep a *Sabbath*, for a while
Thou must *forget* thy self, and take strong *Hand*
Of thy own thoughts and shake eternall hands
With thy rebellious *Lusts*; discard and clear
Thy heart of all *Idea's*; Then, with *Fear*,
And holy *Reverence*, thou must think of *One*,
As though he were not to be thought upon;
Conceive a *Spirituall*, a *most perfect* Being,
*Pure, simple*; At the self-same instant, seeing
Things Present, Past, and Future; One whose *Might*
Whose *wisdome*, *Iustice*, *Mercy*, (in a height
Above *Exceeding*) is *Himself*, being great
Without a *Quantity*, and most Compleat,
Without *Degrees*; Eternal without *Space*
Of *Time*; At all times present, without *Place*:
Think thus, and when thy *thoughts* can *soar* no high
Stay there, Stand humbly *silent*, and *admire*:

97. On

97.
*On Faith.*

HE that wants *Faith*, and apprehends a *Grief*
Because he wants it, hath a true *Belief*,
And he that grieves, because his *Grief's* so small,
H'as a true *Grief*, and the best *Faith* of all.

98.
*On Mans Folly.*

IDeots, and Sense bound *Lunaticks* discern
'Twixt *Salt* and *Sugar*; very *Babes* will learn
To know a *Counter* from the currant *Coin*;
Brute *Beasts*, by *Instinct* of Nature, will decline
Th'alluring *Bait*, and Sense-beguiling *Snare*;
Though that seem ne'r so *sweet*; this ne'r so *fair*:
Yet *Man*, heav'ns greatest *Master-piece* will chuse,
What *Fools*, and *Madmen*, *Beasts*, and *Babes* refuse;
Delights in dangerous *Pleasures*, and beneath
The name of *Joyes*, pleases himself to *death*.

99.
*On Glory.*

THat *Saint* in Heav'n whose *Glory* is the least,
Has ev'n as perfect *Glory* as the best:
There's no *Degrees*, but in a finite Treasure:
No difference 'twixt *Pauls* glory & *mine*, but *measure*.

100.
*On Rewards.*

WHen holy *Scriptures* mention the *Rewarding*
Of *works*, we read not, *For*, but still *According*.

*The End of the Third Book.*

# DIVINE FANCIES:

## The fourth Book.

1.

*A Good Morrow.*

This day: Unfold thine Arms; Arise & rouse
Thy leaden Spirits, & pay thy Morning *Vows*
Send up thy *Incense*; Let her early smoke
Renew that League thy very dreams have broke;
Then mayst thou *work* or *play*; Nothing shall be
Displeasing to thy God, that pleases thee.

2.

*A Good Night.*

Close now thine Eyes, and rest secure;
Thy *Soul* is safe enough, thy *Body* sure;
He that loves thee, he that keeps
And guards thee, never slumbers, never sleeps.
The smiling Conscience in a sleeping breast
Has onely peace, has onely rest:
The musick and the mirth of Kings
Are all but very *Discords*, when she sings:

Then

Then close thine Eyes and rest secure;
No sleep so sweet as thine, no rest so sure.

3.

*On a Printing house.*

THe *world's* a *Printing House*, our *words*, our *thought*;
Our *deeds*, are *Characters* of sev'rall sizes;
Each *Soul* is a *Compositer*, of whose faults
The Leaves are *Correctors*; Heav'n revises;
*Death* is the *common Presse*, from whence being driven
We are gathered *Sheet* by *Sheet*, & bound for *Heav'n*.

4.

*A Dialogue between* GABRIEL *and* MARY.

GABRIEL.

HAil blessed *Mary*; MA. What celestiall tongue
Calls sinfull *Mary* blessed? GA. It is I.
MA. Who art thou? GA. I am *Gabriel* that belong
To the high Quire of Heaven; MA. I faint, I dye.
GA. Fear not sweet *Virgin*, all the *Earth* shall be
Made debters to thy *Womb*, and blest in Thee, (*Son*.
MA. How Lord? GA. Thy *Virgin womb* shall bear a
That shall *redeem* the world. MA. My *Lord*, How can
Such wonders come to passe; such things be done
By a poor Virgin, never known by Man?
GA. The *Holy Ghost* at his appointed hower;
Shall make thee pregnant by his sacred power.
MA. *wonder* of wonders! GA. At whose *height* the
Of *Heav'n* shall ravisht, tremble, and admire.
MA. O may it be according to thy Word.
GA. Before that twice five Moons complicated be
Thou shalt be known the *Mother* of our Lord,
And thou shalt dance thy Saviour on thy knee.

MA.

MA. Both *heav'n* and *earth* shall triumph, and the
Of hell shall tremble at *Maria*'s name; (*frame*
GA All *Ages* past, and present, and to come,
Shall joy in *Mary*, and in *Marie*'s wombe.

5.
On Rhemus.

IF Heav'n would please to purge thy *Soul* as well
As *Rome* thy *purse*, thou needst nor fear a Hell.

6.
*On the Life of Man.*

MAns day's a *Song*, compos'd by th' great *Musitian*,
Full of harmonious *Ayres* and dainty choice,
But spoild with *Discords*, and too much *Division*;
Abus'd and lost for want of *skill*, and *voyce*;
VVe misse our *Rests*, and we neglect our *Graces*;
Our life the *Treble*, and our death the *Base* is.

7.
On Mary.

FOur *Marie's* are eterniz'd for their worth (*fourth*;
Our *Saviour* found our *three*, our *Charles* the

8.
*On the Church.*

LEt not thy *blackness* move thee to despair;
Black VVomen are belov'd of men that's fair;
VVhat if thy hair her stayed brightnesse lack?
Thy *face* is comely, though thy *Brow* be black.

9. On

9.

*On the two Essences.*

GOds sacred *Essence* represents the bright
And glorious bodie of the greater light:
Tis perfect; hath a *Being* of her own,
Giving to all, receiving light from none:
Mans *Essence* represents the borrowed light
And feeble lustre of the Lamp of night:
Her *Rayes* are faint, and her Reflection thin,
Distain'd with nat'rall blemishes within;
Inconstant, various, having of her own,
No light at all, or light as good as none:
When too much earth shall interpose, and slips
Betwixt these Lights, our souls are in th' *Ecclips.*

10.

*On our Saviours Passion.*

THe earth did tremble, and heavens closed eye
Was loth to see the *Lord of Glory* dye;
The Skies were clad in mourning, and the Sphears
Forgot their *harmonie*; The clouds dropt *tears*:
Th' ambitious Dead arose to give him room;
And ev'ry Grave did gape to be his *Tombe*;
Th' affrighted heav'ns sent down elegious *Thunder*:
The *worlds Foundation*, loos'd, to lose their *Founder*;
Th' impatient *Temple* rent her *Vail* in two,
To teach our hearts, what our sad hearts should doe:
Shall senceless things doe this, and shall not I
Melt one poor drop to see my Saviour dye!
Drill forth my Tears; and trickle one by one,
Till you have peirc'd this *heart* of mine, this *Stone.*

## 11.
## On Peter.

WHat luck had *Peter!* For he took a Fish
That stor'd his *purse*, as well as fil'd his *dish*;
VVhose bounty did *enrich*, as well as feed him;
But they are better *Fishers* that succeed him:
*He catcht* by chance: *These catch* the like by skill:
He catcht but *once*: *These* catch them when they will:
They cast their Angles into better *Seas*;
Their baits are onely for such *Fish* as these:
Brave sport, and full of curious pleasure! *Come*,
*There is no Fishing to the Sea*—— of Rome.

## 12.
## On Herodias.

I'Le tell thee, *Light-skirts*, whosoever taught
Thy feet to dance, thy dancing had a Fault:
Thou'lt find it dear, *Herodias*, if thou do't
Compare the *pens-worth* with the *price* it cost.

## 13.
## On Faith and Hope.

HOw much the stronger *Hopes* on life relye,
So much the weaker is my *Faith*, to dye.

## 14.
## On water and wine.

THe happie difference and sweet change of life,
VVhen a chast *Virgin* turns a loyall *wife*.
Our blessed Lord, in *Cana* did divine,
And turn'd cold *water* into lustie *wine*.

15.

On age.

HOw fresh dead dores! O how green Truth delites!
It is not disdains the thing it most desires,

16.

On a Fig-tree.

A Christian's like a Fig-tree that does bear
Fruit, green, or ripe, or blossomes all the year;
No wonder then, can Saviour curst that Tree;
*Fig trees* are always dead, where ere Figs be.

17.

On Rhemus.

RHemus, upon a time I heard thee call,
*Sweet* divideth Purgatorie and Hell;
And that a gold-bought *Masse* will clear th' offence
That brought us thither, and redeem us thence;
Ah *Rhemus*, what demented Soul would spare
To ruine Wife, or to dissland an Heir,
Rather then feel such torments, you pretend,
That equall Hell in all but *time* and *end*?
Ah *Rhemus*, if the power of gold be such,
How dare you be so bold to die so rich!

18.

On Jacob.

NE're boast thy *margain*, *Jacob*: For poor wee
Have made a better contract far, than thee:
We envie not his Land thou didst inherit
Our Brother took our *Wife*, gave us his *Spirit*.

19. O

19.

On Simon Magus.

SI*mon*, Bring Gold enough, and I will tell thee
VVhere thou shalt *buy*, what *Peter* would not *sell* thee:
Repair to his *successors*, they are free
And frolick *Gamesters*, not so strict as hee;
Nay, if thy Gold be weak, they will not stand
To sell good Pen'worths *in the second hand*:
They'l sell good cheap, but they'l not give to any:
No *Pater noster* where there is no *Penny*;
No if thy purse be like an emptie *shell*,
They will not *give*, what *Peter* would not *sell*.

On the Bishop of Rome.

ADmit, great Prelate, that thou wert that *Rock*.
VVhereon the *Church* was founded: couldst *unlock*
The *gates* of heav'n; and with thy *golden Key*,
Make Hell thy *Pris'ner*, and the Fiends obey;
Thy Papall dignity would far be greater,
If thou wert *Simon*, but as well as *Peter*.

21.

On Milo.

DOe, strive to enter *Milo*, though the Gate
Be narrow, and the rugged passage strait,
Lessen thy self, and fast thy carkass thin;
Take in thy *flesh*, 'twill get thee easier in:
Look up to heav'n, 'twill raise thy body uprighter;
Give lib'ral *almes*, 'twill make thee tread the lighter:
Sweat forth thy base corruptions, and inherit
Thy promis'd *Crown*, hast lost for want of spirit,

*Let* not thy dastard, and dull thoughts disdain
Those works which cold *despair* mistakes, as vain;
Take heed, let not thy queazie Soul repine
Against those *Actions* which are none of thine;
Heav'n bids thee shine, what if thy *Rayes* be dim?
Doe thou thy best, leave the successe to him;
Follow thy *work*. And when thy Soul shall be
Gather'd from hence, thy *works* shall follow thee.

22.

## On Rome.

GOod *Works* abound in *Rome*; 'Tis well they doe,
'Tis the best string they challenge to their Bow;
But ev'ry Hee's no *Monk* that wears a hood,
'Tis well, if they'r well done, as well as good;
*When wandering Passengers have lost their way,*
*No sort of men that ride so fast as they.*

23.

## *On three dayes and nights.*

THou know'st our dying Saviour did repose
On *Friday*, On the *Sabbath*, he arose;
Tell me, by what account can he be said
To lodge *three dayes and nights* among the dead?
He dyde for all the World, what wanted here,
Was full supply'd in t'other *Hemisphear*.

24.

## On Tobits Dog.

WHat luck had *Tobits Dog*! what *grace*, what *glory*
Thus to be Kenel'd in the Eternal *Storie*!
Until the *Apocrypha* and *Scripture* sever,
The mem'ry of *Tobits dog* shall live for ever.

25. On

25.

*On the Gospel.*

WHen two *Evangelists* shall seem to vary
In one discourse, they'r *divers*, not *contrary*;
One truth doth guide them both; One Spirit doth
Direct them; doubt not, to believe them both.

26.

*On* Servio.

*Servio*, 'tis scarcely worth thy pains, to smother
Or to subdue one Sin, and hug another;
Believe it *Servio*, he that is in thrall
To one, is a potentiall *Slave* to all.

27.

*On* Formio.

*Formio* will keep the *Sabbath*, read and pray,
His lips are seal'd from oaths upon that day;
*Formio* is clad in black, and will absent
His fleshly thoughts, this holy time of *Lent*.
Thinkst thou that *Formio*'s shaking hands with Sin?
No, 'tis but giving hands to meet again.

28.

*On* John *and* Jesus.

*John* was the *Morning Star* that did fore-run
The long wisht rising of our Glorious *Sun*;
The first word that Johns preaching lips expressed
Was this, *Repent*; Our Saviours first, was *Blessed*:
*John* makes the incision; *Jesus* makes it sound;
*Jesus* nere cures, where *John* ne're made a wound.

29.
*On dispossessing.*

WE read, A broyled Fishes *heart* will feare
A frighted Devill from a troubled brest:
We read again, by *Fasting*, and by *Prayr*
The fierce *Demoniack's* only dispossest:
What this affirms, that flatly does denie;
With reverence to the Text, *the t'one's a lie*:

30.
*On Herodias.*

I Have a young *Herodias* lives with in me,
That never leaves to *dance* untill she win me
To grant her Suit; will never cease to plead
Untill I give her my *John Baptists* head:
O then my sorrow would be past her date,
And I, like *Herod*, should repent too late:

31.
*On Malfido.*

*Satans Injections* are like Weeds that fall
Into thy Garden, darted o'r the Wall,
Whose loathsome smell unsent thy sweeter *flow'rs*;
But grow not there, unless we make them ours:
They'l die neglected, if thou lend them room,
They'l stink; but eas'ly thrown from whence they come:
Fear not *Malfido*, those be they that spoil
Thy Flow'rs, that suck their *substance* from the soil;

32.

*On Slanders.*

WHen undeserv'd report distains my name,
It *shames* not, but perchance prevents a *shame*.

33.

*On Law and Gospel.*

THe *Law* is rough, the *Gospel* mild and calm;
That lanc'd the *Bile*, and this pours in the *Balm*.

34.

*On a Bosome sin.*

THat *sin* that finds more *credit* then the rest,
That is thy *Darling*, leans upon thy *brest*;
That in the *Bosome* of thy heart does lie;
That dips within thy *dish*, Saves, *Is it* I?
That gives thee *kisses*, that's the *sin* that slaves thee,
O that, O that's the *Judas* that betrayes thee.

35.

*On the World.*

THe VVorld's a *Book*, writ by th' eternall *Art*
Of the great Maker, printed in Mans heart;
'Tis falsly *printed*, though divinely *p nn'd*,
And all th' *Errata* will appear at th' *end*.

36.

*On my Soul.*

MY weather-beaten Soul long time has bin
Becalm'd, and tiding in the *Sea* of Sin;

But now afflictions *storm* does drive and toſſe
Her batter'd *Keel*; The winde is loud and croſſe
*Fear* fills her tatter'd *ſails*, and *doubts* do drive her
She knowes not where, and of all hopes deprive her;
Thus, thus tranſported by the troubled Aire
Amongſt the ſwallowing *Quick-ſands* of deſpair,
If not prevented by a greater power,
She looks for *wreck*, and *ruine* ev'ry howre;
O, that mine eyes could rain a *ſhower* of Tears,
That, that would lay the *ſtorm* of all my Fears.

37.
*On the Cuckoe.*

THe idle *Cuckoe*, having made a Feaſt
On Sparrows Eggs, layes down her own i'th' Neſt;
The ſilly Bird ſhee owns it, hatches, feeds it;
Protects it from the weather, clocks and breeds it;
It neither wants repoſe nor yet repaſt,
And joyes to ſee her *Chicken* thrive ſo faſt;
But when this gaping Monſter has found ſtrength
To ſhift without a helper, ſhe at length
Not caring for that tender care that bred her,
Forgets her parent, kills the *Bird* that fed her;
The *ſin* we foſter in our boſome, thus
Ere we have left to feed it, feeds on us.

38.
*On Tobit.*

WAs it not time to ſend his ſon to *Rages*,
For mony, when his *wife* ſpun hard for *wages*?
VVas't not high time for him to poſt away,
That for an *Angel* paid a *Groat* a day?

39. *On*

39.

## On David.

WHo ever sung so high, so rapt an lo
As *David*, prompted by heroick *Clio*?
But when thy more divine *Urania* sung,
What glorious Argell had so sweet a tongue?
But when *Melpomene* began to sing,
Each word's a *Rapture*, or some higher thing:
Sweet were thy *triumphs*, sweet those *joyes* of thine;
O, but thy *Tears*, were more than most *Divine*.

40.

## On a *Monument*.

(Art

SEest thou that *Mon'ment*? Dost thou see how
Does polish nature to adorn each part
Of that rare Work, whose glorious Fabrick may
Commend her duty to an after day?
Is't not a dainty Piece? and apt to raise
A rare advantage to the Makers praise?
But knowst thou what this dainty Piece incloses?
Beneath this glorious *Marble* there reposes
A noisome putrid Carkass, half devour'd
By crawling *Cavibals*, disguis'd, defac'd
With loath'd Corruption, whose consuming scent
Would poison thoughts, although it have no vent:
Ev'n such a *Piece* art thou, who ere thou be
That readst these Lines: This *Monument* is *Thee*:
Thy body is a Fabrick, wherein nature
And Art conspire to heighten up a creature
To some perfection, being a living Story
And rare *Abridgement* of his Makers glory;
But full of loathsome *Filth*, and nasty *mire*
Of lust, uncurb'd Affections, base desire;

Curious without, but most corrupt within,
A glorious *Monument* of inglorious *sin*.

41.
On Plausus.

PLausus has built a *Church*; And lest his Glory
Should die, has boasted his vain glorious Story
Upon the painted *wall*, and built to Fame
A large *Memorial* of his doubtfull Name;
*Plausus*, 'tis bravely done, thy deeds make known,
Thou either seekst *Gods* glory, or thy *own*.

42.
On Censorio.

THou blam'st the *Age*, condemns the *deies* of (*crimes*,
If thou wouldst mend thy *Faults*, 'twould mend (the *Times*.

43.
*On Fools of both kindes.*

SOme scorn the Crosse, whilst others *fall before it*,
Some *sit* and take the Bread, and some *adore it*;
Some are too *bold*, and others too too *nice*;
*Fools act a sin, whilst they decline a vice*.

44.
*On the Name of Jesus.*

IT is the common course of man to double
The Name of *Jesus* in the time of trouble;
The Name of *Lord* is not a stile to please us,
*Jesu's* no Lord with us; if *Lord*, no *Jesus*.

45.

*On the woman with the issue.*

HOw could thy Soul fond Woman, be assur'd
Thy long disease could be so easily cur'd?
What? couldst thou think the touch of *cloth* was good
To dry the Fountain of thy flowing Bloud?
Or was't because our blessed Saviour wore it?
Or why, I read not, that thou didst adore it,
He never so much as own'd thee, Woman; Sure,
Thy *Faith*, and not his *Garments* wrought the Cure.

46.

*On our Redemption.*

WE were created at a *word*, a *Breath*,
Redeemed with no lesse than *bloud*, & *death*:
How much a greater labour is't, than
To *wash* a Sinner, than to *make* a Man!

47.

*On Gods Anger.*

TWas not, that he was *weak*; or thou so *strong*;
He *dy'd* so soon, or that thou *liv'st* so long:
The head-strong *Oxe* is led to the slaughter,
When the poor *worm* crawls many a *Summer* after;
When Heav'ns victorious *Arm* shall please to strike,
The *Giant* and the *Pigmie* are alike.

48.

*On our Blessed Saviour.*

O thou that wert the *King* of Heav'n and Earth,
How poorly wert thou attended at thy Birth!

A Man

A Manger was thy *Cradle*, and a Stable
Thy *Privie Chamber*, *Marie's* knees thy *Table*;
Theeves were thy *Courtiers*, & the Crosse thy *Throne*,
Thy *Dyet*, Gall; A wreath of Thornes thy *Crown*;
All this, the King of Glory endur'd and more,
To make us *Kings*, that were but *slaves* before.

49.

*On* Corduplo.

KEep in thy *Actions*, *and* maintain thy *Fences*
Of thy clos'd lips, *Corduplo*, and thy *Senses*;
Thou shalt deceive both *Man* and Devill too,
And mayest be damn'd, and yet they never know;
The Devils power of knowledge never delves
Into our hearts, till we proclaim our selves.

50.

*On Dreams.*

WHo dreams a *sin*, and not his dreams forbid it
An entertainment; sins as if he did it;
Which if thy slumbring Soul could not prevent,
Th' art safe if thou hast dream'd thou didst *repent*.

51.

*On* Adam.

HOw soon, poor *Adam*, was thy *Freedome* lost,
Forfeit to death ere thou hadst time to boast;
Before thy Triumph was thy Glory done,
Betwixt a *rising* and a *setting* Sun:
How soon that ends that should have ended never!
Thine eyes ne'r slept, untill they slept for ever.

52. On

52.

*On Sinnes and Bleſſings*

WE write thy *common Bleſſings*, Lord, upon
A ſliding ſtream; no ſooner writ, but gon:
Thy more illuſtrious Favours we entruſt
To the dry Sand, defac'd with ev'ry Guſt:
But, Lord, our Scrowle of *ſins* are written down
On during Marble, or ſome harder ſtone;
And our extream miſ-doings are though good
To be inſcrib'd, like *Draco's Lawes*, in blood:
Lord, let us change our *Table*, or our *Story*,
And we ſhall have more *Comfort*; Thou more *Glory*.

53.

*On* Celia.

*Celia* complains, her heart cannot be well;
Nor will not, *Celia*, till it ceaſe to ſwell;
'Tis too too proud with blood, perverſe and ſtout;
It muſt be launc'd to let the humour out:
Alas, no Launce can pierce it. it is growp
More heard than *Launce*, or th' *Adamantine ſtone*.
Then *Celia*, like an *Adamant*, thou muſt
Make the inciſion with her own made *duſt*.

54.

*On* Puſillus.

*Puſillus* can be jocund, never whines
When he is full; but ſtill, in want repines:
And like a bad nos'd Hound, that hunts not true,
Hee's at a *Fault* if not the Game in *view*:
Be wall adviſ'd *Puſillus*, Heav'n may chance,
To *pipe* no more, if thou give ore to *dance*.

55. On

56.
On Belief.

THe Devils do *believe*, I know they do;
But their *Belief* does make them *tremble* too.

56.
On Crastinio.

PAst *time* is gone, the *Future* is to be,
*Crastinio*, say, which most belongs to thee?
The *first*, thou further goest and further from;
And thou mayst die before the *last* shall come:
The *first*, *Crastinio*'s now grown out of date;
Perchance the *last* may come, but come too late:
The *last*'s uncertain, and the *first* is gone,
The *present* then *Crastinio*'s thine, or none.

57.
On an Hour-glasse.

MAns life is like an *Hour-glasse*, wherein
Each sev'ral *sand* that passes, is a sin;
And when the latest *sand* is spent and run,
Our *sins* are finish'd, as our *lives* are done.

58.
On Kain.

KAin, 'tis true: It was, and did appear
A *Punishment* too great for thee to bear:
If thou hadst had a *Faith*, and couldst have bin
As much oppress and loaded with thy *sin*.
Thy greater patience either might out-worn it,
Or found more able *shoulders* to have born it.

59. On

59.

On Ticio.

TIcio stands gaping for the clouded Sun,
To be inform'd how fast the howers run;
Ah, foolish *Ticio*, art thou sound in mind,
To lose by *seeking*, what thou seekst to *find*?

60.

On Sortio.

SOrtio, that mak'st a *Trade* of gaming, know
Thou breakst *two* great *Command'ments*; as
The *Third* thou breakst by thy abuse of *Lot*; (throw:
Thou breakst the *Tenth*, that bids thee *Coast not*;
Now tell me, *Sortio*, whether sins most high,
He that playes *fair*, or he that helps a *Die*?

61.

On Raymond Schund.

HOnour to high brain'd *Raymond*, and no less
To thy renowned Scholler, great *Du Plessis*:
Your high attempts object to our dull sight
The God of Nature, by dull Natures *light*;
But what has *Raymond*, and *Du Plessis* done?
They light but two bright *Tapers* to the Sun.

92.

To Henry Earl of Holland.

TIs not the *Sun-shine* of great *Cæsar's* Eye,
Nor our *opinion* makes thy honour flye
So fair a *pitch*; Nor need thy glory claim
Assistance from thy *Blood*, t'enrich thy Name;

But

But what it is that mounts thee up so high,
The *world* shall tell thee, *Henry*, and not *I*:
Bloud gives no *Vertue*, nor Opinion *Glory*;
And Princely Favours are but *Transitory*;
Heav'ns *Act* is mingled with great *Cæsars Eye*:
Heav'n gave thee *wings*, and *Cæsar* bids thee *flye*.

63.

*On Drunkards and Idolaters.*

VVHich is the greater Sin, and which the lesse?
Which findes the *sharper*? which the *milder rod*?
To turn Gods glorious Image to a *beast*,
Or turn the Image of a Beast to *God*?
Thrice happy is that soul, and more than thrice,
That buyes no knowledge at so dear a price.

64.

*On Dying.*

HE that would die once well, must often trie;
Practice does bring perfection how to die:
The Law's our *Tutor*, and the VVorld our *School*,
VVherein w'are taught by *example*, as by *Rule*:
The Rod's *Affliction*, which being laid away,
The *Gospell* comes, and begs us leave to *play*.

65.

*On Ravens and Lillies.*

ARe not the *Ravens*, great God, sustain'd by thee:
And wilt thou cloath the *Lillies*, and not mee?
I'll nere distrust my God, for *Cloth* and *Bread*,
VVhilst *Lillies* flourish, and the *Raven's* fed.

66. On

## 66.
### *On degrees of Sin.*

CUrses proportion to the *sins* degree:
*Adam*, had *one*; *Eve two*; the Serpent, *three*.

## 67.
### *A last will.*

MY Life's my *dying day*, wherein I still
Am making, alter, and correct my *will*:
My *Soul* I do bequeath to God; provided
Some smaller *Legacies* may be divided
Among my *Friends*: *Item*, my *sins* I give
To my dear *Jesus*, whether die or live:
*Item*, I give the VVorld, that did refresh
The tender frailty of my feeble Flesh,
My lesser *Cares*; I do bequeath moreover,
To my poor body, *home-spun Cloth*, to cover,
And hide her shame; and *Food*, for needfull diet;
Some *sleep*, but not immoderate, to quiet
Distemper'd *Nature*, and in her Vacation,
Some lawfull *Pleasures* for her Recreation;
My *Charity*, to my poor helplesse brother,
I give: My *Prayers* to the true Church my *Mother*;
VVhose watchfull eyes I must desire still,
To be the *Over-seers* of my *will*.

## 68.
### *On our Jesus.*

HEe's like a Rock, which when we strive to shun,
VVe are in danger to be wrack'd upon;
But when our wide spread Arms seek *Refuge* there,
It will secure us from the *harms* we fear.

69. *To*

69.

*To King Charles.*

THe Common wealth is like an *Instrument*;
The divers sorts of people represent
The *strings*, all differing in *degrees*, in *places*;
Some *Trebles*, and some *Meanes*, and some are *Bases*;
The potent Rulers the *Musicians* are;
The musick somtimes *peace*, and somtimes *war*;
The Lawes are like the *Ruled Books* that lye
Before their eyes, and which they practise by:
Play on great *Charles*; Heav'n make thy *strings* as
And true, as thou art skilfull; Revish long (strong
The worlds wide eats, with thy diviner *Ayres*,
That whosoever to thy Land repairs,
May thence return amaz'd, and tell the Story
Of Brittains *Triumph*, in great *Charles* his *Glory*.

70.

*A Riddle.*

THe Goods we spend, we *keep*, and what we save,
VVe *lose*, and only what we lose, we *have*.

71.

*On Glorioso.*

NEre vant *Glorioso*, that thou oft reliev'st
The poor; *Glorioso*, 'tis not thine, thou giv'st:
Boast what's thy own, thou art the poor mans *Sive*;
Thy wealth was giv'n thee with a *Clause* to give;
But case it were thy own thou gav'st, what then?
Thy own *Applause* hath paid thy own agen.

72.

*On Judas.*

Two *hundred pence!* what's that to thee? But say
That so much Ointment had been cast away;
The *Coyne* that payd for't, *Judas*, was not thine;
O *Judas* that's the cause thou didst *repine.*

73.

*On* Impropriator.

LOrd, how he swels! as if he had at least,
A *Common-wealth* reposed in his breast:
A *Common-wealth*? 'Twas shrewdly guest, I tell yee
He has a Leash of *Churches* in his *Belly.*

74.

*On the same.*

PRodigious Stomack! what a cruell deal
It can devour! whole Churches at a *meal*:
'Tis very strange that Nature should deliver
So good a *Stomach* to so bad a *Liver.*

75.

*On* Lucro.

LUcro, it is believ'd, thy *Conscience*, either
Is Very *wide*, or made of *stretching leather*:
Me thinks thy *Conscience* rather seems too small;
So far from *large*, I fear th'ast *none at all.*

76. To

76.

To GOD.

IF thou shouldst strike a blow for ev'ry slip
That mortals make, or spur for ev'ry trip,
Within a moments space, here would be found
No *place* left free t'inflict another wound:
*Hackneys* and spur-gall'd *Jades* would happier be,
And in condition, better far, than *We*.

77.

*On Sleep and death.*

IT is receiv'd that *Sleep's* the *elder brother*;
I see no reason for't; I think the other:
Though *Sleep* does now usurp the upper hand,
I'm sure that *Death* does sweep a way the *Land*.

78.

To Rhemus.

THy Conscience tells thee, that to make debate
Twixt *Prince* and *People*, to Subvert a *State*,
To violate a *Truce*, to murther *Kings*,
Are lawfull; nay, are *meritorious* things:
Thou hast a freedom more than we, wherein
To doe against thy *Conscience*, and not sin.

79.

*On* Gloriofo.

HE that relieves his brother in distresse,
And seeks no vain *Applause*, do's nothing lesse
Than lend to his *Redeemer*, laying down
A worthlesse *Counter*, to take up a *Crown*.

But

But if *vain glory* prompt thy tongue to boast,
It is not *lent*, *Glorioso*, 'tis but *lost*.

## 80.
## To GOD.

I VVonder, Lord; thou shouldst so much desire
Our *younger dayes*, when as the green-wood fire
Of feeble *Nature* is but newly blown,
VVhen ev'ry *Roome's* unfurnisht, and not one
Fit for the presence of so great a *Guest*,
None trim'd with *Art*, no, nor so much as dreſt
VVith *common* sense, when as th' unburnisht print
Of thy fair *Image*, taken from the Mint
But now, has not the least imbellishment
Of *heav'nly knowledge*; Lord, what hast thou ment
To make such choice, to choose a time so ill,
VVhen we have neither meanes, nor yet a will
To entertain? VVould not our deeper *Age*,
VVherein the *Toyes* of Child-hood, and the *rage*,
The *fire* of lustfull Youth shall be abated,
VVherein our riper Soules shall be estated,
In richer *Knowledge*, and the strength of *Reason*,
O might not, might not this been thought a season,
A time more aptly chosen of the twain,
For thee to come, and us to entertain?
No; thou, great God, that art our wise Creator,
VVert better read in our rebellious Nature;
Thou knew'st the Bow of our corrupted will
Stood bent to mischiefe, would be *drawn* to ill
By ev'ry Arme; Thou know'st that ev'ry hower
Gave new encrease to strength, and double power
To draw those sinfull *shafts* that shook at heaven;
Thou knew'st our easie *Nature* would be driven
By ev'ry Breath, and that our thoughts would fall
From bad to worse, from worse to worst of all,

Thou

Thou knowst that *growing Time* would more unlevell
Our rugged *Wills*, and took'st the best of evill:
Lord, take it, and betimes; that, being possest
Of that, thou mayest prescribe for all the rest.

81.
On Partio.

THou sayst thy *Will* is good, and glori'st in it,
And yet forgetst thy Maker ev'ry minit;
Say *Partio*, was there ever *Will* allow'd
VVhen the Testator; *mem'ry* was not good?

82.
On an evill Conscience.

WHat Hells of *Horror* an evill *Conscience* brings!
What strange *Chimera's* what prodigious *things*!
A pregnant *Wonder* of wonders! Ev'ry minit
VVe sin; but least, when most we sin again it.

83.
To Mundano.

NEre think, *Mundano*, that one *Rome* will hold
Thy God, and all thy *gold*;
If ere they chance to meet within a heart,
They'l eithes fight, or part:
So long as *Earth* seemes glorious in thine eyes,
Thy thoughts can never rise;
Believ'e *Mundano*, by how much more near
Thou geest to Heav'n the *Rose* will earth appear.

84. To

84.

*To my Friend.*

WOuldst thou be prosp'rous, though the bended (brow
Of *Fortune* threaten thee? He teach the how;
Call home thy hearest *wishes*, and recall
Thy *hopes*; Expect the worst that can befall:
If't come, thy heart will be the more secure,
The lesse amaz'd, and able to endure:
If it came not, *Expectance* is no losse;
Perchance it armes thee for another *Crosse*:
Thus wisely sheltred under this reliefe,
Thy *Joy* shall be the lesse, and lesse thy *Griefe*.

85.

*To* Malfido.

CHear up *Malfido*, Lay thy thoughts more levell;
Make sure of *Grace*, and ne'r suspect thy *Pond*;
He that is *Good*, can give a thing that's evill
No more than thou, being *evill*, canst wish a good:
He better knowes to give, than thou to begge;
Thou whin'st for *Stones*, and grumblest at an *Egge*,
O, let his better will suspend thy wish,
And thou shalt find no *Scorpion*, if no *Fish*.

86.

*On* Crucio.

THou still complain'st that *sorrowes* do attend thee,
And that their *favours* doe so much annoy thee;
Mistake not, they are *weapons* to defend thee;
They be not *Engins*, *Crucio*, to destroy thee;
Wilt thou mislike thy Crops of swelling *Corn*,
Because th' are trencht, & fenc'd about with *thorn*?

87. To

87.

To Rhemus.

TIs true, we are but *dust*, but *wormes*, nay *worse*;
That are more base than either; And what then
Shall *wormes*, or *dust* or *worse* be well advis'd,
To goe in *person* (where we have despis'd)
Before a *God*, a glorious God? I, doe;
VVho bids thee *Come*, will bid thee welcome too;
*Rhemus*, when call'd in *person*, you appeare
By *Proxy*, tell me where's your manners there?
Tis better to be *wisely bold*, than make
Thy self unmannerly, for *manners* sake;
Some ill bred Clownes there be, that being loath
To foul a *Napkin*, draw a filthy *Cloath*.

88.

To Macio.

DRoop not beneath thy wants, as if forlorne,
Thou must be made a *Jewell*, to be worne
In *Abrahams bosome*: *Macio*, he that comes
To *Abrahams bosome*, finds his way by *Crummes*.

89.

*On Reproofe.*

TIs not enough to strive 'gainst the *Act*,
Or not to doe't; we must reprove the *Fact*
In others too; The *Sin*, being once made known
To us, if not reprov'd, becomes our *owne*:
VVe must *dissuade* the Vice, we scorn to *follow*;
VVe must *spit out*, as well as never *swallow*.

90. On

90,
*On* Curio.

TVVo *Eares* to let in *Knowledge* Nature gave;
To entertain true *Faith* one *Heart* we have;
VVhy so? Ile tell thee *Curio*, in brief,
Our *knowledge* twice exceeds our *half beliefe*.

91.
*On* Zelustus.

*Zelustus* thinks, his paines are worth his labour
If he love *God* though he traduce his *Neighbour*;
His hot-mouth'd *Zeale* false-gallops on so fast
In the *first Table*, 't tyers in the *last*;
Art thou a faithfull *Steward* of Gods store,
*Zelustus*, that spend'st *Six*, and keep'st but *Foure*?

92.
*On* Philautos.

*Philautos*'s Charity is like a *Mouse*
That keeps at home, and never leaves the house
Till it be fir'd: It stirs for no mans cause,
Unlesse to feed on *Crummes* of vain Applause;
Take heed, *Philautos*, lest thou heed too late,
The *Mouse*, in time, will eat up thy *Estate*.

93.
*On* Dubius.

*Dubius* Thy eares are *two*, thy tongue but *one*;
*Hear* God and Priest, *Confesse* to God alone.

94.

To Sir Julius Cæsar, Master of the Rolles.

THe high *Perfections*, wherewith heav'n does please
To crown our transitory dayes, are these;
*Goods* well possest, and not possessing thee:
A faithfull *Friend*, equall in love, degree:
*Lands* fruitfull, and not conscious of a *Curse*;
A boastlesse *hand*; A Charitable *purse*:
A smiling *Conscience*; A contented *Minde*;
A sober knowledge, with true *wisdome* joyn'd:
A *Breast* well temper'd; *Diet* without Art,
Dainties, or want: A wifely simple *Heart*.
*Pastimes* ingenuous, lawfull, manly, sparing;
A *Spirit* not contentious, rash, but daring;
A *Body* healthfull, sound, and fit for labour;
A *House* well order'd, and an equall *Neighbour*;
A prudent *wife*, and constant to the roof;
Sober, but yet not sad, and fair enough;
*Sleep* seasonable, moderate, and secure;
*Actions* heroick, constant blameless, pure,
A life as long as fair, and when expir'd,
A glorious *Death*, unfear'd, as undesir'd.

95.

On Lucro.

LVcro, how poor thy *Tyrant wealth* has made thee?
How miserable poor! if has betrayd thee
To thy own seeming self, And it is grown
As little thine, or lesse than thou, thy own:
Alas, poor Lucro, how thy fruitfull pawnes
Abuse thy Storehouse, thus so often yawnes
For a good Morsell, whilst thy *Saint* does rome
Like a Decoy, t' entrice evill *Angels* home;

VVhose

VVhose more imperious presence must controule
And fright the peace of thy perplexed Soul!
*Lucro*, be slave no longer to thy pelse;
Subdue thy Gold, and make thy selfe, thy selfe:
But if thy *Saint* be grown too strong for thee:
I'le tell the *Entro*; turn thy *Saint* to mee.

96.

## On Mendax.

FAir spoken *Mendax*, on the least occasion,
Swears by his *Faith*, and by his own *Salvation*.
Is rash-brain *Mendax* well advised then,
To pawn his Faith in *God*, for Faith with *Men*?
Sure small's thy VVit or Credit to be drawn
For *Wares* so poor, to leave so great a *Pawn*.

97.

## On Blandus.

WHen e're I wish my *Blandus* a good morrow
He is my *Servant*: If I come to borrow,
Or but salute my *Blandus* passing by,
I am your *Servant*, *Blandus* does reply:
If court my *Blandus*, I must understand,
He is my *Servant*, and does kisse my hand:
Discourse with *Blandus*, ev'ry Clause shall bee
I am your *Servant*: If he drinke to mee
My *Servant* does it; I return his Love,
My *Servant* pledges: If my lips do move
A Suit, he is my *Servant*; Though I dos
Abuse my *Blandus*, hee's my *Servant* too:
How blest am I, his service should be such
To me! He never told his God so much:
How much, dear *Blandus*, hast thou bound me thine
That art his *Servant*, not so much, as mine!

98.

*On* Rebellion.

THe stout *Rebellion*, scourged by his God,
Slights his Correction, and ne'r ownes the Rod;
Take heed, *Rebellio*; Be not stout too long;
Neglected *stripes* doe oft return more strong,
A stubborn *silence* more ill nature showes,
Than *sobbs* of Stomack, and deserves more blowes.

99.

*On God and Gold.*

MY *God* and *Gold* cannot possesse one heart:
My *God* and I; or *Gold* and I must part.

100.

*To* James *Archbishop of* Armagh.

REnowned *Prelate*, I nor know nor care
What secret vertues in Saint *Patricks Chair*;
If any; I dare boldly say, 'tis more
Since thou sat'st there, than ere it was before:
Goe on, great *Patriarch*; If thy higher Story
(As sure it will) shall drown *S. Patricks glory*:
*Iërna* will (as now *Iërna* vaunts)
Be known, as well as call'd, *The Isle of Saints.*

101.

*On a waking Conscience.*

THere is a kind of *Conscience* some men keep,
Is like a Member that's benumb'd with sleep;
Which as it gathers Bloud, and wakes agen,
It *shoots*, and *pricks*, and *feeles* as big as *ten.*

102. *On*

102.
*On our affections.*

O How prepost'rous our *Affections* burn!
We *serve* the world, love God, to serve our turn.

103.
*On* Zelustus.

*Zelustus* weares his cloaths, as he were clod
To frighten *Crowes*, and not to serve his *God*;
As if the Symptomes of *Regeneration*
Were nothing but a Christian *out of fashion*.

104
*On* Rebellio.

WHat? ever whining? Evermore alike, (strike
Both when *heav'n* strikes, and when he leaves to
Not stroke thy stomack down, when as thy God
Is friends with thee, and thrown aside the Rod?
Take heed, *Rebellio*, heaven do not reply
Upon thy *Sobbs*, and he that made the cry
For thy own Good, reward not thy repining
With a new *Rod*, and scourge the worse for *whining*.

105.
*On* Zelustus.

NOt thy *Geneva Ruffe*, nor steeple *Hat*
With flagging *Eaves*, or *Cypresse* out of date;
Thy nock shorn *Cloak*, with a round narrow Cape;
Thy *Russet hose* ore-garter'd with a *Tape*;
Thy Antick *Habit* of the old Translation,
Made for the purpose in despight of *Fashion*;

Tis none of these, *Zelustus*, that can bring
Thy zeal in credit; none of these can wring
The least applause from heav'n: Heav'n never ment
A Christians *Conscience* should be bound or bent
To *shapes*; *Zelustus*, we can scarce divide
An *Affectation* from a secret *Pride*.

106.
*On* Conscio.

ART thou revil'd, and slandred? and yet whine?
I fear th'art guilty; Is that heart of thine
So faint (if guiltlesse) that it cannot stoop
Beneath so poor a *Burthen*, and not droop?
He that has fire at home may well refrain
To blow his fingers, *Conscio*, or complain
The weather's cold abroad: Make sure within,
And let them censure, let them snarle again:
Thou mayest *appear*, but not be this the worse;
If *Conscience* blesse thee, Doe, let *Shimei* curse.

107.
*To GOD.*

THy Sacred *will* be done great God,
To spend, or to suspend, thy *Rod*:
If possible, my wil's to misse it,
If otherwise, to stoop, and *kisse it*.

108.
*On Devotion.*

WE must not onely *be* to God, but *show*
To Man; *Pauls cloak* must be remembred too.

109. *On*

109.

*On the Christian*

'Tis not enough that the *King's Daughter* should
Be *fair* within; She must be clad in *Gold*;
The curious *Needles* cloathes her whiter skin;
Shee's rich *without*, and glorious all *within*:
The true born *Christians*, must as well be clod
With *lives* to men, as lin'd with *hearts* to God.

110.

*On mercy and Justice.*

GOds *Mercy* and his *Justice* is the same;
'Tis but the *Object* that divides the Name.

111

*On* Aulicus

BEfore that *Aulicus* was made a Lord;
He was my Friend; we might exchange a word,
As well as hearts; He could be never weary
Of my society, was jocund, merry;
Ingenuous, and as jealous to offend;
He was enjoy'd, He could enjoy his friend:
But now he swells, looks big, his favours change,
As well as fortunes, Now his eyes are strange,
His thoughts are *Councels*, curious *webs* of State;
And all his Actions must be wonder'd at;
His speeches must be *Laws*, and every word
An *Oracle*, to be admir'd, ador'd
Friendship must now be *service*: A new mold
Must have new *Matter*, melted from the old:
O *Aulicus* 'twere well, if thou couldst doe
The very same in *spirituall honour* too.

112.

*To* Rhemus.

FAith must be joyn'd to works; *Rhemus*, I wonder,
What God has joyn'd, thou dar'st presume to sun-
(der!

113.

*On* Tortus.

TIs not the bearing of the *Crosse*, or *Cup*
Of thy affliction; Thou must take them up:
Nor is't the taking up alone, will doe,
*Tortus*, thou must *take up*, and *follow* too.

114.

*On* Gracchus.

GRacchus so often did repeat a Lye,
Past on with Credit, from his very youth,
That now his Conscience has forborn to cry
Against it, and perswades him 'tis a *Truth*:
'Tis well for *Gracchus*; he has gain'd thereby,
He now may tell the same, and never ly.

115.

*On* Phares.

THou say'st it is a *Supper*, and it's fit
To use the *Posture* of a *Meal*, to sit:
Can thy Discretion, *Phares*, or thy zeal?
Give *carnall gestures* to a *spirituall Meal*?
A heavenly *Supper*, and a fleshly *Heart*?
Thy *posture* has discover'd *what thou art*.

116. *On*

116.

*On the same.*

You'l take it *sitting*: Pray, and no man know it:
You'l doe, and yet you will not seem to doe it:
You'l bow your *Heart*, although you bend no *Knees*;
'Tis like your *Self*; You seem not what you be.

117.

*To my Book*

So, Now 'tis time to wean thee from my breſt;
Thy *Teeth* grow ſharp, *my Babe*, it will be beſt
For both: Thy haſtie *Nurſe* is come to take thee
From my fond *arms*: ne'r whimper, he will make thee
*A daintie Golden Coat*: Let it ſuffice thee,
Thou art mine ſtill: howers; Thy *Nurſe* wil *prize* thee
For his own ſake and thine: When thou art ſtrong,
And ſure of foot hee'l let thee ſport among
Thy *fellow-Children*, Hee will let thee ſee
The *world*, which thou hadſt never ſeen with me:
Thou may'ſt do well, if *Fortune* ſtrike thee luck,
And fair *Opinion*; Thou didſt never ſuck
But one *good Friday*, and thou mayeſt improve
As well in *Merit*, as in popular *love*;
Thou haſt *ſix Brethren* (borne as well as thee
Of a free *Muſe*) legitimate and free;
*Pages* to *Cæſar*, and in *Cæſars* Court,
Beſides an *Iſhmael*, that attends the Port:
Of a great *Lord*, an honourable *Peer*
Of this bleſt *Realm*; if ere thou wander there,
They 'l bid thee welcome, at the times of leaſure,
Perchance, and bring thee to the hand of *Cæſar*;
Thou art but young and tender, (for who knowes
The *paths* of Fate?) perhaps, and one of thoſe

VVhom

VVhom *Clotho* favours not, perchance thy *Twine*
May be produc'd (for thou art half *divine*)
To after Ages, to the utmost date
Of Time; who knows? but we subscribe to *Fate*:
Perchance, thy Fortune's to be bought and sold;
Was not young *Joseph* serv'd the like of old?
Thy bondage may, like his be made, perchance,
*A step to Honour*, and a means t' advance
Thy higher Fortunes, and prepare thy *hand*
To ease a *dearth*, if *dearth* should strike the Land:
But I transgresse, *my Babe*: Tis time to part,
The *Laws* of Nature break the *Rules* of Art;
Once more farewell; Let *Heav'ns* high blessing shine
On my *poor Babe*, as my *poor Babe* has mine.

*The End of the fourth and last* Book.